UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1231.

Original Poetry.

THE WINDS OF SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

They come, they come from their southern home,
Where the sun shines ever fair,
On islands, that rise from the ocean foam
In beauty strange and rare;
They come, and their low sweet song I hear
Through the bending branches ring—
For the minstrels who sing for the youthful year,
Are the balmy winds of Spring.

Gone are the shades of the wintry night,
And the wintry storms have gone,
As laden with song and life and light,
The winds of Spring come on;
And round the old arbour, with tiny arms,
The clustering wild flowers cling—
And the blushing rose dons her fairest charms,
As she bends in the winds of Spring.

The skies look glad, and the fields rejoice
With a noiseless minstrelsy,
And the streamlet laughs with a merry voice,
As it hastens away to the sea,
And the call'd bird of some far off shore,
As she plumes her drooping wing,
Sings gladly her native strain once more,
To welcome the winds of Spring.

On, on they go, with their noiseless sweep,
Over mountain and valley, away!
Fanning the shore of the limitless deep,
And kissing the bounding spray;
And lands of beauty that none may see,
And many a strange bright thing,
Shall smile a glad welcome, joyfully,
To the balmy winds of Spring.

Original Tales.

THE FALL OF CUZCO.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "DUBIKINS."

It was morning—in the ancient Capital of Peru—a morning that was to usher in a day of rejoicing—of festivity to the Cuzcoians—a day on which the name of the great Manca Capac—the founder of their beloved city—was to be celebrated in chaunt—on which his virtues and renown were to be proclaimed from the lips of the orator to the idols, and the assembled thousands.

Those plains of undying verdure, where reigns perpetual spring—the fragrant blossoms upon the shrub—the balmy flowers which gemmed the earth—the broad leaves of the towering trees whose tops, penciled against Heaven, rose an hundred and fifty feet—each blade of grass, and fruitful vine, was loaded with dew-drops, which glittered like diamonds in the sun; and his beams played brilliantly upon the lofty temple dedicated to his worship—whose portals glistened in virgin gold. Softly breathed the perfumed breeze along the green earth, brushing the dew-drops from flower, and shrub, and tree, and slightly rippling the blue bosom of the Apurimac which gushing from lake Titicaca, swept boldly onward, till its waters mingled with the ocean river—the great Amazon. Crowds of people thronged the streets and temples, and bowed before the idols of gold and silver. The Inca, distinguished from his subjects, by the richness of his dress, and the profusion of ornaments which decorated his person, was surrounded by his chiefs, and Cuzco, where once the beast of prey, and the mighty forest, held dominion, now glittered with all the pomp of wealth and royalty. Nearly five centuries had elapsed since its foundation; and under the wise government of the successive Incas, it had increased in wealth and magnificence. Each year was the epoch of its foundation celebrated with the name of its illustrious founder. And the success of the Cuzcoians in war rendered them a terror to surrounding tribes.

Evening came—star after star gleamed forth—the moon with a suite of silvery clouds emerged from above the eastern horizon—the nightingales commenced their serenades to the spheres—the alligator, and the serpent hastened from their bayous haunts amid the marshy pampas—the jaguar and the puma stole from their retreats and prowled in search of prey, and the vulture, and the condor, reposed almost insensible after their feasts of blood, upon the crags and rocks.

Cuzco was steeped in brilliancy—rows of flaming torches illuminated the streets, temples and idols, and their light flashed along the breast of the Apurimac, till it looked like a stream of liquid fire.

The palace of the Inca was filled with the bravest of his chiefs—the sagest of his advisers, and the greatest of his orators: no brow was shaded with anxiety, although it was known that strangers from a strange land, were traversing the vast forests in that region—for Cuzco was thought to be impregnable, and it would have been deemed the height of folly—by the Cuzcoians—for an enemy to have meditated an attack upon her ancient walls.

Loud and long was the revel, so loud, that the palace shook as the applause rang forth from the lips of the listeners, as the orators, in their rude manner, were recalling the deeds of Manca Capac and others of their renowned ancestors: and so long, that it was near eight, and yet it had not ceased.

"Cuzco!" exclaimed the Inca energetically, and every eye was turned upon their sovereign. "Cuzco! the ancient city of our fathers—of the great Manca Capac! the idols watch over her safety! is she not impregnable! are not her sons a terror to their enemies!"

A crash at this moment was heard without—which shook the palace, and the cry of Pizarro, victory, and on for Castile! mingled with the roar of Spanish Carbine, and the shrieks of the terrified inhabitants. The air around had never before re-echoed the sound of firearms, and the Inca, deeming that the vengeance of Heaven was turned upon the city, put an end to his life with his own poinard.

Cuzco fell, which had withstood the combined forces of South America, for a period of four hundred and ninety years, and one more victory was recorded to the glory of Spain, and the renown of Pizarro. The inhabitants were robbed of their treasures; and the idols and temples of their gold and silver ornaments, to satisfy the avarice of the Spaniards. When the morning sun again beamed forth, the yellow banner of Castile floated from the battlements of Cuzco.

"Hold! hold! or by the head of St. Augustine, thou diest," cried a knight, who was mounted upon a superb charger, elegantly caparisoned, drawing his sword, whose blade flashed in the sun, and whose jeweled hilt emitted many a ray of brightnes. His glittering armor—his swarthy complexion—eagle eye, and proud bearing, told that he was one of those brave sons of old Castile, whom the love of glory had prompted, to brave storm and tide, to follow the fortunes of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru.

The command was given to a Spanish soldier, who was dragging along the streets an unprotected female, on the morning following the fall of Cuzco, which has already been narrated.

The soldier addressed, relinquished his grasp of the fair Cuzcoian, and she sank apparently lifeless at his feet. The knight immediately dismounted, and raising her head, which he supported upon his arm—used every exertion to restore her.

Strange and new were the emotions of the gallant knight as he gazed upon the pallid features of the fair daughter of the ancient city. He had met the thrilling glance of the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz—had basked in the sunny smiles of the enchanting maids of the Guadalquiver—had listened to the fairy tones of the sylphs of Italy, and Venice—with a heart unmoved.

Somiento—such was the name of the knight—was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors—renowned for their bravery, and untiring devotion in the cause of their own bright land of romance and song.

Long was it before Somiento's charge was restored to consciousness, and when the light of her full dark eye mingled with that of his own, the warm blood thrilled wildly through his veins; and a tear for a moment glittered in his eye, as he whispered,

"Would that a happier fate had been thine; but, while the sword of Somiento hangs by his side, never shalt thou be harmed."

"The child of the Inca invokes the protection of the idols for him who has rescued her from the stranger's fury," whispered the captive, and arising, hastened away, with the fleetness of a gazelle, ere she could be arrested.

"Ha! ha! my brave Somiento," exclaimed Pizarro, who had been quietly observing the scene. "I should judge thou wert entrapped, by the intensity with which thou gazest after the flown bird—shouldst have held her with a firmer grasp—a fine tale it will be to tell to the daughters of Castile, how a wild gipsey of Cuzco has caught the heart which was so coy in thy own fair land."

"A lovlier than she, never trod the sacred soil of Spain, be she gipsey or queen," replied Somiento.

"Spoken like a true knight, by St. Jago," exclaimed Pizarro. The two warriors mounted their chargers, and repaired to their quarters.

Fruitless was the search instituted by Somiento for the fair girl—no trace of her could be found.

The sun had already set—bright stars trembled upon the bosom of the Apurimac—the fire-flies flitted amid the green foliage—the wind had died away, and not a sound was to be heard, save the occasional howl of some wild beast in the distant forest—the hoot of the owl—and the half warbled song of a night bird. Slowly and sadly Somiento wandered along the green banks of the Apurimac—thoughts of friends, of early ties, of the land of his birth, flitted rapidly through his mind. He had given up as lost, the fair being who had awakened in his bosom the first emotions of love. Weary, he seated himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and was enjoying the romantic scenery around, when suddenly, a wild strain of music rose upon the air—sung, apparently, by some person at no great distance. Cautiously he proceeded in the direction of the sound, and soon discovered the object of his long search, seated upon a rock which overhung the river;—overjoyed, he hastily approached her—his footsteps were overheard—she turned with evident alarm, but instantly recognizing Somiento, sweetly smiled, and invoking for him, as when first they met, the protection of the idols, immediately disappeared in a grove of palms which grew near.

Each succeeding night did Somiento repair to the rock, and each succeeding night was he made happy by a longer interview.

Reader! have you ever stood upon the banks of the Guadalquiver? If you have, you will not fail to remember the many, and magnificent castles which are there situated. In an orange grove which surrounded one of these, not two leagues above the ancient town of Seville, in the year fifteen hundred and thirty-six, stood a knight who, from the various badges of royalty which adorned his dress, would have been quickly distinguished as belonging to the nobility of Spain. By his side stood a beautiful female, whose dark hair floated in masses over her shoulders. Though her form was faultless, and her features regular and lovely, and her complexion somewhat dark, yet, she would not have been, by the observer, pronounced a daughter of Castile.

"Dearest Ianza," said the knight, to the lady, whose dark eyes were upturned with an expression of deep tenderness to his, "Dearest Ianza, is not the 'transplanted flower' repaid for the many sorrows which she has been doomed to undergo, by the love of one whose star she has ever been, and will continue to be, in all the vicissitudes of life?"

A warm pressure of the knight's hand was the only reply, and the lady sank upon his bosom, happy with the love of him she adored. Lady! are there doubts existing in your mind, as to whom the knight and the lady were? In mine there are none.

THE SLEEP OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CHAPTER I.

It was the eve succeeding the day of my bridal, and the proud halls of my new home were filled with a brilliant assemblage of the first families of New York, for I was the daughter of one of its wealthiest and most respected citizens, and it was meet my bridal party should be honored with their attendance.

It was a splendid scene which greeted my admiring eye. Carpets woven in the richest Persian looms, the bright-hued flowers glowing up from the snowy ground-work with living beauty, went spreading away upon the extended floors, muffling the tread of the thousand footsteps that fell on its velvet softness. The tall Gothic windows were shaded by curtains of purple damask, suspended by tasseled cords from the beaks of the gilded eagles, by which they were surmounted, and the rich, heavy folds, though looped up to the marble pilasters, drooped down till their deep fringes touched the floors. Large silver vases, of the most elaborate workmanship, stood on the marble tables, filled with rare and beautiful exotics, which shed around a soft, delicious perfume, such as might have been exhaled from flowers that bloomed in early Eden. The luxurious sofas were of oriental workmanship, and never one of more magnificence sustained a monarch's weight, or graced a regal dwelling. Mirrors, whose jewelled frames extended from floor to ceiling, decked the walls, reflecting to each other the numerous forms as they flitted by, till their numbers seemed multiplied to an almost countless extent. Large chandeliers, the light sparkling amid their thousand cut glass pendants, hung in globes of dazzling radiance from the vaulted roof, illuminating those spacious apartments with noon-day brightness, and revealing all their wealth and profusion of ornament, until the eye grew weary with magnificence, and vainly sought for something to relieve its monotony.

And I was there, the proud mistress of those princely halls, and the happiest of the brilliant train that crowded them. Not that my happiness consisted in being their possessor; they, with their costly garniture would have been valueless to me, but for his sake who had so lavishly bestowed them; they were dear to me only as proofs of his affection and regard whose alone I sought to win, but that hope, that blissful hope, which for weeks had filled my heart with Heaven's happiness, was realized, and he on whom I had bestowed my deepest and tenderest affection, was mine, for the nuptial vow was spoken, and God had made us one.

Oh! how my heart swelled as I marked the admiration, nay, almost homage, which he excited amid that gathered multitude. Wherever he turned he was the object of attraction, "the observed of all observers," and well might they gaze upon him and admire, for never eye had seen a nobler or more perfect being in form or feature. His forehead was full and high, and of marble whiteness, contrasting finely with the dark and glossy brown of the silken curls which shaded it. And his eyes—they were blue and beautiful, and yet how changeful in their beauty. Now so clear and piercingly bright that one would almost quail beneath their gaze, then soft and dreamy as a young maiden's are, as she silently looks reply to the first tale of passion from the lips of him she loves. His cheek was pale, perhaps too pale for healthful youth with its bright dreams, its high hopes and lofty aspirations, but harmonizing well with the highly intellectual expression of his countenance. There was a constant, half-formed smile upon his lips, and yet they wore a fixed and haughty curl at once repelling the familiarity the former seemed to invite. The boldest effrontery stood abashed in his presence, self-conceit acknowledged its own littleness, and men approached him with that feeling of deference, half awe, half admiration with which every one instinctively regards a high and gifted spirit, for such he was, and none could gaze upon his splendid lineaments but must acknowledge it, so accurately did this combined expression portray his character.

Tall, and of faultless symmetry, his was a figure Canova might have chosen for his most perfect model, and there was a lofty air, a princely dignity in every movement, comporting well with the towering majesty of form, the curling lip and proudly beaming eye. He was a dazzling, glorious, gifted creature, the object on whom nature and art seemed to have bestowed their choicest gifts,—a being placed amid his fellow men, to show them how high human nature may be exalted, and how low debased.

Ah, little thought I of the terrible future, in that bright hour of hope and strange intoxicating joy. A cup of unmingled happiness kind Providence [illegible] to my lips, I sipped the delicious sweetness nor dreamed of the unspeakable bitterness to which a few short years would change it. I knew not of the change which time would work in the noble being by my side. Now he was the idol of society, the object whom men delighted to honor and to set in their high places. Already he had mingled a fellow with the chosen law-givers of a commonwealth in the hall of legislation, and bold and self-confident was that opponent who ventured there to engage him in the high debate and dream of victory. Already fame had wreathed his youthful brow with a budding garland, and the lofty height to which his vaulting ambition aspired seemed half attained, and I deemed not that sensual indulgence could clog the wings of the bold, free spirit in its upward flight, until it should sink from its proud altitude to a corresponding depth of degradation.

No cloud of doubt, no shadow of distrust dimmed the radiant expanse of my being's sky—all now to me was brightness. Words may not tell the delicious ecstacy which filled my heart in the consciousness that he was mine, that the admired and courted Ashburton was mine. Oh, I could have knelt at his feet in my young heart's deep idolatry, and rendered him worship, as to some heaven-descended deity, all robed in his god-like charms. In the creature, I forgot the Creator; which in the enjoyment of my manifold blessings, I forgot to render thanks to their Bestower, but a meet return was awarded for my folly.

I remember that during the evening, some one led me to the piano and requested a song. I recollected a little air which I had learned in childhood, a wild, sweet thing, so full of the spirit of gladness, I had deemed it the effusion of some gifted being, just wakened from a dream of the Elysian Land; for nought of earth, I thought, could have inspired it. But now it seemed but the sentiments of my own heart, breathed forth in the burning language of poetry, and I seated myself beside the gorgeous instrument, and swept the silver keys, while I poured forth the melting words with a power and pathos, till then I had not deemed that I possessed. The slight flutter I at first experienced, wore off as I proceeded; I forgot the presence of those around me, so deeply was I absorbed in giving utterance to the rapturous emotions which filled my soul. I *felt* what I was singing, and never before had such heavenly sounds responded to my touch, and my voice was so sweet and flexible, that the liquid melody seemed flowing from my lips without an effort. Sweet, blissful tears came welling up from the fountain of my heart, and my voice, at last, grew low and slightly tremulous, and the last note died away dimly and softly, as a lute-strain by still waters. My heart was oppressed with its fulness of happiness, and I would have given worlds to go away alone and weep, for tears would have brought relief.

CHAPTER II.

Two years passed by, two little years of bliss as perfect and complete as my brightest dreams had pictured, and then there came a change. My husband, though by profession, a lawyer, had been connected largely with one of the most extensive mercantile houses in the city. In the immense dividends of the first few years, he more than realized his expectations; but the bubble burst at length, and through the incapacity, and perhaps, dishonesty of his partners, in whom he had placed unbounded confidence, he became a loser to the amount of nearly half a million. The failure of a bank, in whose stock he had invested several thousands, immediately followed, and thus, at a breath, his paternal heritage was swept entirely away, and he was cast penniless upon the world, dependent alone upon his profession for his support.

These repeated misfortunes preyed upon his mind, and he loved to drown his bitter reflections in the wine-cup. I expostulated, I knelt at his feet and held up his beautiful boy before him, and implored him for his sake and for mine, to pause in his mad career. He promised amendment, and a few feeble efforts were made to cast off the power that was dragging him down to the dust, only to be succeeded by wilder excesses than before.

His constituents in politics refused, at last, to give him their support—why should they not?—and his term of office having expired, another was chosen in his place. This was the fatal, the decisive blow, it was more than his proud spirit could bear; he felt himself cast off and abandoned by his fellow men, and there was no motive now for self-denial, and he sank, at once, a passive and unstruggling victim to the lowest depths of degradation. Charles Ashburton, the high-minded and gifted Charles Ashburton was a common drunkard, and his name a by-word and a scorn upon lips, which once had reverently pronounced it in connexion with every thing which is noble and exalted in the character of man.

His former associates forsook him, and if they recognized this old companion in the miserable object which someties crossed their path, they passed him with a curled lip and cold averted eye, as it might be with a look of pity more galling to his nature than their scorn.

For me, when the last faint hope had departed, which had sustained me through privations to which I had never been accustomed, and I deemed him lost forever, I yielded to the repeated solicitations of my friends and returned to my early home, but not till with tears and entreaties, I had prevailed upon my stern old father to allow my wretched husband to follow. I had left him a few short years before, a gay, light-hearted girl, with my mind filled with the brightest dreams and images of future happiness; I returned a care-worn, sad-eyed creature, with my fond hopes crushed and blighted, and my mind filled with the darkest despair. In my husband, my father saw only the agent that had effected this change, he could look upon him only as the destroyer of his child, his only one, the darling idol of his old age, and the respect and love, with which he once regarded him, was changed to scorn and loathing abhorrence, and but for my sake, the miserable object of his hatred would have been cast forth like a brute, as he considered him, to perish in the street.

It was in vain that he attempted to reason away my foolish infatuation, as he termed it, and to infuse my mind with his own sentiments. He could not understand how I could forgive and still cherish the pitiful and degraded thing, who had ungratefully *crushed by his own misdeeds*, the heart that loved him. He was fallen, indeed, and the world around might censure and condemn; but to me he was the same, and the intensity of my early love had not abated. He was my husband, the father of my child, and, had my injuries been a thousand times more grievous, I could have forgiven him. Indeed, there was a joy, a happiness in loving him, and in teaching his sweet child to do the same, which I would not have exchanged for worlds. Alas! alas! I knew not then that this poor solace must be denied me, that the [illegible] the flame, which burned so brightly now, would fade away and die, and that I should experience the desolate agony of dwelling among my fellow beings, with none to look upon and love.

"See here, mamma, see what a nice book grandfather has given me," exclaimed little Charley, running into the parlor one evening, where I had been sitting alone. "Won't you show me these pretty pictures, mamma?" I took the little creature in my arm and opened the book. I had turned over but a few pages before Ashburton entered the room. I started; it was a thing unusual for him to return at so early an hour. He advanced with a steady step to receive the chair which I had risen to offer, and for the first time, for months, I experienced the happiness of knowing that he had returned unaffected by intoxicating liquor. Charley bounded forward to meet him and to display his prize, and there was an unusual tenderness in the father's manner as he bent down and raised his beautiful child in his arms, and answered to his infant prattle.

"Papa shall look at the pictures now, shall he not, mamma?" he asked, his large blue eyes sparkling with delight. "See," he continued, pointing to a plate, "grandfather says that is you, papa, it is'nt, is it?" The lip of Ashburton quivered, and a flush came over his cheek, succeeded by an ashy paleness. I bent forward to see what had effected the change and burst into tears. It was the representation of a ragged wretch, just making his egress from a low spirit-shop, with his replenished bottle clasped closely to his bosom, as if fearful that some one would deprive him of his little idol.

"I am sorry, I made you cry," faltered Charley, approaching and gazing up into my face with his own sad eyes suffused with tears, "I will not say so any more if you will love me again." I snatched up the affectionate boy and pressed him to my heart and kissed his cheek and brow till his red lips were wreathed again in sunny smiles. Satisfied at last that he had not forfeited my affection, he placed his little hand in mine, nestled fondly to my bosom and fell asleep. Unconscious babe! he little knew with what a pang his words had pierced my breast. I had ever taught him to respect his father, unworthy as he was, and the thought that he should learn his frailty and from such a source, was agony.

"Mary," said a low voice beside me, so strangely altered, that I scarcely knew from whom it proceeded, "Mary, dry up your tears and listen to me, for I have much to say and time is waning."

"Charles, what mean you?" I asked, a strange fear taking possession of my heart.

"Nay, start not thus, but hear me, Mary," he answered bitterly, "for I have that to tell, which should give to those sad eyes their former lustre, and dress those faded lips in smiles. I have come to thank you for your faithful love and pitying kindness to a wretch, who merited from you only the detestation and contempt which he has received from others; I have come to kneel at your feet as my last, my only friend, to sue for your forgiveness, and then bid you a long and last farewell."

"Merciful God!" I gasped, "in pity relieve this torturing suspense, tell me what has happened, Charles, to justify this cruel desertion."

"Oh! blame me not," he answered mildly, "in pity add not to my misery the knowledge of your displeasure. Oh! if you knew the bitterness, the intense agony which wrings my heart at the thought of a separation, you would pity and forgive. This was no sudden thought, for such has been my determination, and poverty alone has been the cause of delaying until now the execution of my designs. This day I have unexpectedly received a small bequest from a distant relation, who, probably, was not aware how unworthy was the object of his munificence, whereby I shall be enabled to defray the expenses necessarily incurred in journeying. To-morrow I leave you, Mary, to bury, I trust, forever, my guilt and disgrace in the wilds of the west."

"You cannot, you will not leave me thus," I interrupted, "tell me, in pity tell me, what I have done to merit such return, and if atonement be possible it shall be made at any price."

"What have you done," he answered. "Oh! angel deeds of kindness and compassion, which merit for their reward what Heaven alone can give. My viper-like returns for these, you have borne with uncomplaining patience, and still cherished the miserable reptile, to which, in the beautiful and holy trustfulness of your love, the creature you had taken to your bosom, was changed. Amid all those who once professed to be my friends, you, the only sufferer by my misdeeds, alone remain unchanged, the same devoted, gentle being of former years, bestowing upon me that love, which for months has been the only brightness which has broke through the terrible gloom that surrounded my soul. But we must part, Mary, the stern voice of duty bids me go, and I will obey its promptings though obedience be but to seal my misery on earth forever. My presence near you has been allowed at the price of the censure and ridicule of society, and of a father's displeasure. Through your intercessions, he has given me a home beneath his roof, but he curses me in his heart, he would rejoice in my misery, and deem it but a meet return for the injuries I have heaped upon you. He is weaning from me the affections of my child, and teaching him to disrespect, to hate the author of his being, and how vainly he has essayed the same with you, your conduct shows. I know his stern nature well, his is a will which cannot tamely brook resistance, and even you cannot expect much farther to oppose it with impunity. His passion once aroused, he will regard no tie of nature in the execution of vengeance upon the offending object, and you shall no longer brave his anger by holding companionship with one, who is to him only an object of contemptuous abhorrence. For your sake and for my child's, I bid farewell forever to all I once held dear, to drag out a miserable existence, neither loving nor beloved, in a land of strangers."

"Listen to me, Charles," I replied; "you have told me of my father's hatred towards you, but once there was a time when he regarded you with more than a parent's tenderness, and there is one way and only one, to win back his affection. What it is I need not tell you, and oh! as you value your peace of mind on earth, and the welfare of your soul hereafter, I beseech you to make one effort more to free yourself from the terrible power, which holds you in bondage *more dreadful than the mind of man ever devised*, for it is the bondage of the soul. It is fast dragging you down to a drunkard's grave, to leave behind you only a name stamped with infamy and disgrace to your child, the mention of which shall crimson his cheek with shame. Knowing this, can you be passive, and tamely suffer the work of destruction to go on? Oh! rouse you, Charles, shake off this fatal lethargy, resolve that you will be free; go unto Him who hath said, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and pray for his assistance—"

"Pray," he interrupted—"I have prostrated myself in the dust before my Maker, and implored his aid with tears and groans wrung in anguish from a breaking heart. The last, faint hope of my redemption has long since departed—I feel that my doom is sealed—the arm of the Almighty is upraised against me; and it is useless to contend against my destiny—mine is the lethargy, the unresisting quietude of despair. I have no aim, no purpose for the future; it is a dreary blank which I dare not contemplate; and the past—oh! I shrink with dread from its retrospect, for with the memory of what I once was, comes the consciousness of what now I am, and the comparison is torture unutterable. Existence has become a burden, of which I would gladly be relieved—and yet I trembled at the thought of death, that dread agent which shall usher my shrinking soul into the presence of her Maker and her Judge, to hear from His lips the sentence which decides her destiny forever. If one feeble hope of divine forgiveness springs up in my heart, it is instantly crushed back by the memory of these fearful words—'*A drunkard shall not enter Heaven*;' and I must go down to my grave, not in anticipation of peace and happiness beyond it, but in the certainty of misery more dreadful, of anguish more acute than I have already suffered. Oh! that my existence could be blotted out forever; oh! that death were an eternal sleep—then I would welcome it as the richest boon which Heaven could bestow, and close my eyes, how gladly, in its deep forgetfulness and its still repose."

Wretched man! dearly was he paying the penalty of sin. It is in vain that I attempted by reason and argument, to convince him of the absurdity of his views, and to encourage to new and stronger effects towards amendment, by reminding him of those blessed promises, which God has graciously made to those who sincerely repent and go unto Him for assistance. By the past he judged of the future—and neither my prayers or tears could extract from him, even the promise of one single further attempt. Satisfied at last, that he himself had given up all hope of a reformation, and that of course not the slightest restriction, not even that of poverty, which had, hitherto, in some measure restrained them, would be laid upon his actions, I trembled at the thought of the wild excesses into which his new possessions would enable him to plunge. I knew that the forbearance of my father had well nigh reached its limits, and that at the slightest increase in the measure of my husband's offence, my influence would be insufficient to induce him longer to extend to him his protection. He would be cast forth to find his home in the midst of strangers, who, when his last penny was spent, in turn would cast him forth, a friendless, houseless wretch, either to die in the street, or to find a home in that house, which the public have assigned for the miserable beings who are the objects of its charity. My pride revolted at such a thought; he was already sufficiently degraded in the eyes of his acquaintance, and I chose if all this was to be, it should be in the midst of those only, who could not know the height from which he had fallen, and draw comparisons between the past and present, and I rather encouraged him than otherwise in his purpose of removing to the West. But not for a moment did the thought enter my mind of allowing him to depart alone. I knew that privation and toil and care awaited me, but they were preferable to the luxury and care of father's halls, which I could not share without him, and notwithstanding his efforts to dissuade me from my purpose, I determined to be the companion of his exile. I knew that by so doing, I should be acting in direct opposition to my father's will—and that it was no trivial thing to incur his resentment, but I did not anticipate the full extent of the terrible perdition which awaited me. I deemed I had experienced the extreme of human misery, but my former sufferings were light as the griefs of childhood, compared with the wild, distracting agony with which I knelt at his feet in a vain attempt to move him to forgiveness, and was spurned aside.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Foreign Sketches.

GENOA.

Translated from the letters of a French Gentleman.

Genoa, situated in the back ground of the Gulf which bears the same name, appears like a splendid row of trees in a Park. Travellers from Marseilles seldom stop long; but hurry on to Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia, either to reach Florence or Rome. Those who visit the southern part of Italy, and travel across the Alps by land, never find it on their way, and the steamboat seldom stops there more than twelve hours, to take in coal and give you time to rest yourself. And yet, next to Rome, Florence and Venice, Genoa, "la superba," as the Italians call it, is the most beautiful, as well as interesting city in Italy.

It was the observation of a New England Captain, I believe, that those who built the town must have been fine stone masons, and that the quarries in the neighborhood must belong to the very best in Europe. The aspect of the streets is indeed imposing, and cannot be but striking to a person just coming from the north. With the exception of a few newly erected buildings, every house in the town is a splendid marble palace, though it may now be used for a school, a counting room or a tavern, or be let to a rich "*Signore Inglise*," who lives here on the wages he paid to his valet in London. Great orange trees ornament the terraces, the huge doors of the houses stand wide open, carriages stand under the door ways, and the town has the appearance of being prepared for a public festival. But the passages for pedestrians are exceedingly intricate; the city being built amphitheatrically on the declivity of a mountain, and presenting with every step a new variety. Sometimes you have to mount long flights of steps, sometimes to wind your way through dark passages, but always you are certain to find obliging persons in the crowd that surround you, to extricate yourself from the labyrinth.

The Genoese are the most industrious people in all Italy, and they are also noted for their frugality. They are to the southern Italians what the Normans are to the French and English opposite to the Continent. To a *person residing in the immediate neighborhood* of the port it would seem as if half the people passed their time in carrying oil barrels on their heads, and that the other half have nothing to do but to step aside and make room for them. It often happens that in the narrow footpaths leading up the mountain, one is caught between two such carriers, with a heavily laden mule on the side, when the only way to avoid them consists in creeping into cellar holes, which, fortunately, are seldom closed in day-time. In the more fashionable part of the town, things bear a very different aspect. There the streets, which admit of carriages, ford an agreeable promenade, frequented from early in the morning till late in the evening, by Venitians, Milanese, Tuscans, and, in fact, people of all the different provinces, in their national costumes, which renders the scene particularly gay and attractive. The women of the lower and middle class wear a plain white veil which falls gracefully over the shoulders, and gives them really the appearance of Raphael's Madonnas. It is a great pity that one of those beautiful, chaste looking faces is encased in a French bonnet; which, however,—such is the preponderance of fashion over taste—is always purchased as soon as the party or her next of kin is able to afford it.

The palaces of the old senatorial families, *Brignola, Serra, Palavicini* and Durazzo, together with their galleries, have been so often described, that I will not fatigue your readers with them, nor with the churches, which, however, are vastly inferior to those of Rome, Florence and Venice. Galleries of paintings are here bound in almost every house, and it is only necessary to knock at the door to be admitted and shown round. As far as politeness goes, no people in the world are superior to the Italians; what is most astonishing is the fact of their never becoming tired of showing strangers their immense treasures of the fine arts; though in nine cases out of ten, their pains are entirely thrown away on persons incapable of appreciating them. There are palaces in Genoa in which everything is yet left precisely as it was in the times of the patricians and the Republic. "They seem to be destined," said Madame de Stael, "to receive a congress of princes," and provided they were thoroughly swept and cleared—which is never done even by approximation,—all the crowned heads of Europe might be lodged in them, in a manner suitable to their degree. Each palace bears an historical name such as Spinola, Doria, Grimaldi, &c., and is a monument of the former greatness and power of the Republic. There are six palaces *Spinola*, situated quite near one another, but with the exception of a few small rooms in one of the remote corners, occupied by the descendants of that illustrious family, they are entirely uninhabited. The vast marble halls contain nothing but the portraits of their ancestors, painted by Van Dyck or Titian, and are principally shown to English and American travellers. The stranger is every where friendly received. A lazy servant who has just been sleeping on one of the benches in the ante-chamber, willingly opens the window shutters and blinds, and after you have run with him through the whole palace, which you all the time imagine to be inhabited, you hear through a low porch the tones of a piano.

"Who is that?" you will ask the liveried Cicerone.

"The young lady," replies the servant, studying her music lesson.

"But the master of the house—?"

"He occupies the small room leading into the court-yard, and only uses the small winding stair-case. The *Signor Marchese* is just drinking his coffee!"

The Genoese nobles have been reproached with their extremely retiring disposition; and their hoarding of melancholy and money. But it must not be forgotten, that at the present time, their historical names are a heavy burden. Of what use is to them a palace, which fifty or sixty servants could hardly take care of, when all the business they have now to transact, consists in drinking coffee in the morning, and hearing Donizetti in the evening! Italy is but the shadow of her former greatness; and the descendants of the noblest families but the miniature skeletons of their ancestors. Many towns like Pisa, Rimini, Palermo, Siena, are mere hospitals for consumptive Englishmen. Nothing but the union of all the provinces under one powerful prince, can restore the country to anything like its wonted prosperity, or give it a place in the family of nations. But to effect this, would be an Herculean task; for in spite of all the efforts of "Young Italy," the inhabitants of the different towns hate each other with all the intensity of the middle ages, when they strove, mutually, to subjugate and destroy one another. The Genoese are, to this day, proud of having destroyed Pisa, and glory in the war against Venice, as if it were an occurrence of yesterday. The Genoese despises, from his whole soul, the Piedmontese (with whom he is united, politically, in the Kingdom of Sardinia) and the Piedmontese, in return, nurses a particular displeasure against the Genoese. Siena and Florence are not yet reconciled, and Bologna and Ferrara although but a short distance from one another would, had they the means, renew the war to-morrow. Rimini is jealous of the large towns. The Neapolitan has a great contempt for the Sicilian, and the Sicilian returns it with profound hatred. Even in Rome—in one and the same city—the inhabitants on one side of the Tiber are opposed to and hate those on the other banks, and, in this manner, is all Italy divided in itself, though unwillingly bearing the yoke of the foreigners.

The offspring of the old House of Doria, the Marchioness of Doria, a handsome, elegant lady, is one of the first artists of Italy. She possessed a beautiful gallery of paintings, among which a portrait by Leonard Va Vinci, is itself worth a whole gallery. It represents the Duchess of Sforza, a princess of Grimaldi, wife of *Ludovico il Moro*. The last of the Grimaldi, a cousin of the Marchioness, bequeathed it to her niece; for the family is nearly extinguished.

The Marquis of Balbi, also a painter of note, possesses one of the most beautiful creations of *Guercino*, "the marriage of Jacob," and a most memorable portrait of Philip II., of Spain, of which *Ribeira* painted the head, and Van Dyck the remainder. The palace of Dongo, whose present owner cannot bear the inquisitory visits of strangers, possesses a gallery composed of the gloomiest pictures of Caravaggio, and Hannibal Carracci, as well as the most melancholy heads of Van Dyck. All manner of tales are told of the present owner; and place and furniture is certainly such as would fit it for the scene of a drama like that of *Mauprat* or *Red gauntlet*.

The palace of Lescaro has a much neater appearance. The Lescari were Senators of the highest order, men of steel and full of chivalry. One of them while a boy was playing chess with the Pacha of Trapezunt, who had paid the Doge a visit to settle some differences between the Republic and the Sultan, and winning three games in succession, irritated the Mahomedan so far as to receive from him a box on the ear. Though but twelve years of age he challenged him, and was so violent in his behaviour that the Doge ordered him to be led home. No sooner, however, was the boy of age, before he armed forty galleys, with which he himself cruized before Trapezunt, destroying every ship he met, belonging to the Sultan, and never failing to send a box of Turks' ears to the unchivalrous Pacha. A fleet sent against him from Constantinople he defeated, and then sent a large quantity of Turkish ears to the Sultan himself. The Sultan learning the cause of the nobleman's [illegible], invited the young Lescaro to receive in his presence a proper apology for the insult he received as a boy when playing chess at the Doge's Palace.

The house of the Lescari is now entirely extinct. The palace serves as a Casino where the nobles of Genoa give annually a number of pic-nic balls—the only ones to which they invite strangers.

In one of the palaces of the *Spignola*, the portrait of Signora Tomasina Spignola was pointed out to me, a girl of extraordinary beauty, who once saved the city. Louis XII. of France irritated by the repeated treachery of the Genoese, resolved to march into Italy and to destroy it. The Senate in vain sent deputation after deputation to appease the angry king; he sent them back without listening to them. The little army that the Republic could muster was defeated, and the French troops had already taken possession of the suburb *San Pietro d'Arena*.

In the midst of the confusion, the daughter of the Marquis of Spinola resolved to save the city. Confiding in her beauty and eloquence and the chivalry of the French, she hastily selected the most beautiful girls in the city, ordered them to dress as for a great ball, and at day-break, marched at their head to the *Puerta Lanterna*, through which the French were to hold their triumphal entry. The first French officer who met this swarm of beauty immediately led them before the king, who, then at the age of forty-five, was still counted as the most graceful cavalier of France. Tomasina told him, that herself and her suite fearing the rudeness of the soldiers had come into the French camp to seek protection under the French chivalry.

Two hours later the king, in the great ducal palace of Genoa, solemnly pardoned the Republic, and after shaking the hand of the Doge impressed both cheeks of the young Tomasina with the kiss of reconciliation. "Can you too be generous?" whispered the king in her ear.

"Oh, sire," she replied, "*your* generosity has covered you with glory, *mine* would cover me with shame."

The beautiful Tomasina refused all offers of marriage from the galaxy of nobles of the Republic, and died, after a long correspondence with Louis XII. from the effect of the news of his illness. Italy is full of such romantic stories; but unfortunately the scene of the modern ones is laid at the opera house—in Genoa, that of *St. Carlo-Fenice*.

Original Song.

SONG.

To M. A. T.—Salem, New Jersey.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY A MILLER.

Listen while I sing to thee,
Merry Molly, laughing Molly,
Near thee I would ever be,
Merry, merry Molly.
Sorrow never clouds thy heart,
Lightly, gaily, throbbing;
In thine eye the tears that start
Are not tears of sobbing.

Where another gloom would see,
Merry Molly, laughing Molly,
Nothing dost thou find but glee,
Merry, Merry Molly.
Though a doleful wight am I,
Often sighing sadly,
Never do I meet thine eye,
But my heart beats gladly.

Mischief makes thee gay and free,
Merry Molly, laughing Molly,
Those who seek for mirth should flee
To merry, merry Molly.
Always laughing when we meet,
Laughing when we sever,
Oh! may flowers surround thy feet,
Sunbeams light thee ever.

Spring Garden, Feb. 24th.

The Difference.—"I wish you would not smoke segars?" said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover.

"Why not I smoke as well as your chimney?"

"Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

From the Magazines.

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAG. FOR MARCH.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

In a sweet, rural valley, nestled among the hills of old Massachusetts, stands a pleasant village with a picturesque mill-pond and factory. Three summers ago this hamlet was the temporary residence of two young men, who were apparently travelling artists, as their chief occupation seemed to consist in sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty. Their arrival had created some stir among the villagers, for without a bit of pretension, both young men had a certain dignity of manner that made them looked up to, and many a pretty factory girl, as she tripped to her work, cast back a look over her shoulder, if she met either of the handsome strangers.

Though the society of the village was unusually intelligent, and the females were remarkable for loveliness, there was one famed beyond all the rest, in both mind and person, sweet Edith Mather. She was an orphan, without sister or brother, and lived with an aged aunt, whom she chiefly supported by her labor in the factory. Edith was popular with every one. She was so gentle, considerate and kind, that even those who at first envied, learned at last to love her. The younger of the two artists, whom we shall name Lovell, soon became interested in this sweet creature; at least if looks, tones, and a constant seeking of her presence were any proof he was thus interested.

One day he and his friend had clambered up some rocks on the steep hill-side, from which the village was overlooked, and as they sat there, the bell of the factory rang, and the green was immediately covered with the girls employed in it, wending their way thither after dinner. Among them it was easy to recognize the light and graceful form of Edith.

"Is she not beautiful? Where can you show me a form so sylph-like?" said Lovell, with undisguised enthusiasm.

His companion made no reply for a moment, but then abruptly remarked,

"I think it is time we left this village."

"Why?" asked Lovell, in a tone of surprise.

"Because, if we do not, you will have that girl in love with you. Your admiration is evident to all her friends, and you are too honorable to hold out hopes you never intend to fulfil."

"Hold out hopes I never intend to fulfil?"

"Yes—for you don't think of marrying the girl, do you?"

"To be sure."

"The deuce you do," said his companion, starting to his feet in unaffected astonishment.

Lovell indulged in a hearty laugh, and then asked,

"Why not?"

"Why not! Why, for a thousand reasons. She's only a factory girl, a lady of neither birth nor education, but a simple country lass, very good indeed in her way, only no match for Fred Lovell. Think of presenting her to your fashionable friends in town! No—no—it will never do. Shake off this love-fit: pack up your trunk, and let us be off to-morrow."

Lovell shook his head.

"I am perhaps a [illegible] common sense about me, and I think I have brought it to bear upon this question. We have now been here a month, in which time I have become pretty well acquainted with Edith. I left town—we *both* left it—heartily sick of its frivolities; and on my part, with the firm opinion that I knew no woman in our set there whom I would be willing to make a wife. The city girls are so frivolous, so fond of parties, so eager for wealthy alliances, and really so ignorant of household affairs, that for a man of my tastes to marry one of them would be folly. I am not fond of gay life—I think it wastes too much precious time; and I want, therefore, a wife who will be domestic, and not involve me in a round of balls and other entertainments. I do not wish to be a hermit, a few friends are a great blessing, and I shall always be glad to gather around me a small circle of the right kind; but promiscuous, fashionable visiting, I detest. Now I think I have found just the partner I require, in Miss Mather. She is well-informed, agreeable, simple in her taste, has sound sense, and withal possesses a large share of personal beauty, and, if I mistake not, the power of loving very deeply. If I marry her, and take her to the city, her intuitive tact—and she has this in a remarkable degree—will soon supply any deficiency in manner. In short, I do not know where I could make a better choice."

"How!—when she has no accomplishments."

"She can sing with untaught grace; and as for jabbering French, I don't know how that would make her better. She would soon learn too, with her quick parts. Besides, I care more to have a wife usefully informed, than to have one possessing only superficial accomplishments."

"But her family! Recollect who your grandfather was."

"And who was hers? a worthy divine, poor I grant, but estimable. Besides, I am above the cant you talk of. If her parents had been honest, I would care little whether they were of royal blood or peasant extraction. I believe with Burns that 'worth makes the man,' and the only degradation I acknowledge, is that of crime."

"Well, if you are resolved on it, I know enough of your obstinacy to say no more. But faith! Lovell, if you had a gardian and I was he, I would take you from this place to-morrow. You'd thank me for it when you recovered your senses."

The conversation here ceased; and directly the two friends retraced their steps to the village.

The next morning Lovell's companion came down stairs attired for a journey.

"I am going back to town," he said, "for I am tired of ruralizing. The fit for that is over; and I'm afraid, if I stay here, I shall be as foolish as you."

So the two friends parted, for Lovell remained behind; and, in less than a week, it was known everywhere in the village that he and Edith were engaged to be married.

"If you can content yourself with the precarious life of a poor artist," he said, when he told his affection, "we may be happy."

Edith answered by a look of her bright eyes, so tender, confiding and eloquent that Lovell adored her from that moment more than ever.

In a fortnight they were married, when Lovell took his bride to see his relations, in the southern city whence he came. Edith's parting with her aunt was sorrowful, but it was made in the expectation of speedily returning. Arrived at Philadelphia, the carriage drove to a handsome residence in Walnut street. It was evening, and Edith was dazzled by the glare of light that burst from the windows.

"This is the place," said Lovell, assisting his wife to alight, and almost carrying her into the superb parlor, with its Saxony carpet, rosewood furniture, costly curtains and gilded mirrors reaching from ceiling to floor.

"Whose house is this? Have you relatives living thus?" said Edith, surprised at so much magnificence.

"It was my house, it is now yours, dearest," said her husband. "I am not a poor artist, but a man rich in worldly goods, yet richest of all in you."

Three years have passed since then, and Edith has fulfilled all that her husband foretold of her. She has made the best of wives; and is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the circle she moves in. Lovell's friend married a silly, fashionable woman, and no greater contrast in happiness exists than between these two former friends.

A handsome rural cottage, filled with all the appliances of luxury, has been erected in Edith's native village, and thither, every summer, she and her husband repair to visit her aged aunt, who has been installed mistress of this pretty retreat.

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship; a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished forever; and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Somebody—as elsewhere noted in this paper—has made a discovery, that the climate of a hemisphere changes in 666 years, from severe to mild, or the reverse. The first of these changes would seem to be in progress with our continent, and the last with Europe. It will be a fact singular indeed, if in the progress of years our descendants should return to Europe the compliments of "inhospitable" and "inclement," which in the time of our fathers, this climate has received from Europe. Certainly, taking the past winter through, it has been exceedingly mild. There has been comparatively little severe weather any where upon the continent, though variety sufficient has been experienced to give us a taste of every whim of the Storm King. At this present writing Spring seems to have opened in earnest; but we have seen too much of weather caprice this season, to be surprised if this paper should go forth amid a driving snow storm.

With the Winter, closes the last session of the present Congress, and the last week of the Presidency of Mr. Tyler. We are not much gratified at the spirit of some of our contemporaries, who seem disposed to follow him into his retirement with a spirit, the expression of which in words, is in some cases truly ridiculous. We do not expect those who dislike his administration, to waste any compliments upon him; but they might respect themselves. Most of them do; for it is a few instances only, to which we refer. Whatever else Mr. Tyler may have had to contend with, during his administration, it is certain that he has not been exposed to any temptation, by the circumstances of great popularity, or the support of a strong party.

Mr. Polk, enters office under as happy auspices as he could desire—or so at least all things seem to indicate. The country is in no haste to prejudge him, or his acts, and his carriage so far has been such as to preserve his free position, and leave himself untrammeled and unvexed.

We are not able, to-day, to announce the adjustment of either of the two great questions in which the public take most interest—Texas and the Post Office Bill. Whether before the paper closes, it will be in our power to announce the definitive action of Congress upon either question, it is impossible to guess. On one—the Post Office—we feel tolerably sure, that notwithstanding all the public may desire in relation to it, they are sure to be disappointed.

In turning over our exchanges, we have been not a little surprised to find that one delusion, which it was imagined was at rest for this lustrum—the Miller mania. An article prepared some months since for this journal, upon that subject, had a currency among our contemporaries of the press almost unexceeded; nor were others silent. Argument, ridicule, satire and persuasion, all were directed against the error, and its winding up, we supposed, was dently pronounced predictions of its apostles. Yet it appears there are places left, where the delusion has its full hold—where people neglect provision for their families—and where the municipal authorities are compelled to step in between them and destitution. We notice, moreover, in the reports of Insane Asylums, that there are many among their unhappy inmates, whose mental blindness is referable to this cause.

Our paper presents, to-day, more than its usual variety of matter. There is a tendency in writers to run to prolixity, which it is not always possible to obviate; but whenever it lies in our power we endeavor to prevent the engrossment of too much space, by any one article or subject.

PUT IT DOWN!

In a late popular book (Dickens's Chimes) there are abundance of topics suggestive of thought—and not the least worthy of these is the satire upon a class of reformers who are forever for "putting down" evils by legislation, instead of rooting them up, by removing the causes. If such legislators and executors had the Upas Tree to exterminate, they would pass an act that it should not leave nor blossom, and appoint a constabulary force to attack it at the topmost twigs, leaving the root firm set in the earth and the tree in full vigor.

And yet such is the character—more or less, of almost all legislation. We hang murderers and imprison thieves—conducting the whole machinery of law on the lock-the-door-after-the-horse-is-gone principle. And all this is done at an enormous expense of the time and money of the body politic and of individuals; to say nothing of the waste and decadence of morals which ensues from a Upas, which we merely keep thrifty by trimming its lesser branches, or by cutting off dead limbs when they have passed the ability to do mischief.

We make the act of begging and the step of mendicity a penal offence, and the betrayal of pauperism a crime—punishable under the indefinite term of vagrancy, at the whim and discretion of magistrates, captious at being disturbed at their morning fast-breaking or their afternoon cigar. We multiply laws municipal, prohibitory, commandatory and sumptuary, till many a wiser than poor Toby wonders whether there is no new law against a ragged pocket-kerchief. We leave the old roots of all vice and trouble undisturbed, and when the natural sequence of shoots follows, cry "Put them down!" and devise or desire a new law for every new joint in the plants which we not only suffer, but the rather encourage to grow.

In all moral efforts, the only safe and sure place to commence is at the beginning; and the less we have to do with any law save the Golden Rule, the better will the reform proceed. The multiplication of statutes, and the vexatious and tyrannical enforcement of them against slight offences is a monstrous evil. Punishment seldom does the adult individual any good, and public prosecution is next to sure to mark a child for the penitentiary in the end, if not for the gallows. The rationale of public punishment is, after all, but to set up legal scarecrows to deter others; and as these spectacles in a corn-field do but embolden the crows by their frequency, so do they operate with the featherless biped. And the person upon whom the experiment is tried, for the benefit of the public, is made fit for nothing else, by the process, but to be sentenced over again.

"Put it Down!" will not answer, then. We must keep it from springing up. We must search what causes exist to create crime and poverty, rather than torture our ingenuity to ensure the punishment of man's frailty, when it manifests itself. It is easier to check a riotous disposition than to punish the manifestations of it. It is easier to engrave "Thou shalt not steal" on the heart of a child, than to punish thieves. It is easier, in a word, to educate, than to scourge ignorant men into the performance of duties they do not understand, and into forbearance from crimes, of the nature of which they have no adequate moral perceptions.

"The world," says the proverb, "is governed too much." And the evil, so far as we are concerned, seems to increase with our growth as a nation, rather than to diminish. The attention of philanthropists must be more turned to the *prevention* of crime and pauperism, than to the punishment of the one, or the relief of the other. We must get back to the good old standards of strict honesty, and of honest frugality; and this reform need not be evaded by any person on the plea that his individual influence is nothing; for individuals make the aggregate. We have had too many efforts to "Put it Down," by communities—it is time for endeavors by individuals to "Root it Out!" Every father—every master who has apprentices—every lad who has associates looking to his example, has a part to do in this matter.

CINCINNATI.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives us some pleasant *gossip* about Cincinnati. He writes:—Cincinnati merits and will maintain, while the Ohio rolls, the proud title of "*Queen of the West*." Enthroned upon the receding shore with hills encamped around, it gathers into its lap the fruits of a thousand broad Savannahs and fertile intervales. A less homogeneous population scarcely exists. Adventurers from every clime have wandered hither, and the babblings of Babel are rehearsed in this city of yesterday. The settlement of Cincinnati was commenced in the winter of 1788–9; in 1805 its population was 950; its present inhabitants are estimated to be 80,000. This is not a forced aggregation by imperial Ukase, but a *natural* growth. Is it not wonderful! Aladdin's lamp has been "brought to light" in the western world and Yankees are rubbing the brass.

From another account we learn that the city is still rapidly increasing. In 1843 and 1844, there were 2,231 houses built, and by careful estimate the city now contains 10,773 houses. Many more buildings are now in progress, and it is estimated that the number built the present year will surpass the two former. A cotton factory has just been erected which contains nine thousand three hundred and twelve spindles, and one hundred looms. It will employ three hundred persons, and make about two millions of yards of sheeting per annum.

After tribute to the talent of Cincinnati, and a laudation of its beautiful women which marks him out for a very susceptible young man, the writer, touching Pork, discourseth:

"Cincinnati has its faults, most of which will vanish in time, and with increasing opulence. The city is not well lighted, and the *pavé*, is execrable. The streets have no 'crossings' and are filthy, *filthy*, FILTHY—*how* filthy! A stranger, unacquainted with the trade of the city, would naturally infer that the term '*Porkopolis*' was derived from the hog-stye nastiness of its avenues. By the way, a Pork-house is a curiosity shop. Its business is conducted with wonderful system and despatch. Observe that 'unclean beast,' the one with the aldermanic swagger and a curling caudal extremity that would draw a chapter from the author of '*Twist*.' He is the next victim. Thwack—gurgle, gurgle—splash—scrape, scrape—a glance of the knife—the *two* minutes are up, but the quondam hog is pork *quidem*. The processes of cutting up and packing are equally summary. The Pork dealers are enterprising fellows, and deserve to enjoy the affluence which many of them have acquired. Facts and figures show that the 'Pork crop' is about 40 per cent short. Your heavy produce houses will have an inevitable margin and more than recover the losses by last year's advances."

AMERICAN SEAMEN.

A bill is before Congress which we earnestly hope may not receive the go-by. It is an act in relation to the establishment of schools for naval apprentices—not increasing materially the present expenses of the Government, but systematically appropriating a portion of the Navy Appropriation, to creating nurseries of American Seamen.

Of the need of this, something may be judged from a statement made to Congress, by Mr. Read, of the Naval Committee, in which he alleged, "that after taking great pains to get at the fact, he found that out of 109,000 seamen, only 9,000 were Americans, or a proportion of one in twelve. And out of 38,564 seamen shipped out of the port of New York in 1840, not over 5,000 were Americans! The Ohio ship-of-the-line, the last time she went out on a three years cruise, had but 182 American seamen out of a crew of over 1,000 men; and the Delaware went to sea with a less number in proportion. The Constitution was detained a long time at this port for want of fifty able seamen; and so have other men-of-war frequently been."

An ably written pamphlet has just been issued in New York, which contains an immense mass of testimony to the same purport. Among other matter in the book, is a letter from Commodore Elliott, in which he strongly urges the establishment of these schools, and the furtherance of measures for the general improvement of the condition of seamen. There should be a school of this kind in each of our Atlantic seaports, and one or more on the Lakes, the deserving pupils of which should be in the line of preferment to any command under our flag. The thing must be attended to, and that at once.

FROM CHINA.

By the ship Ann McKim, advices from Canton have been received at New York to the 20th of November—which is six weeks later than our last news. The treaty made by Mr. Cushing is published in the Anglo Chinese papers, and its terms are spoken of as highly beneficial to commerce, and advantageous to England. The French treaty was not concluded, but, although some disagreements had arisen, was in apparently amicable progress.

Business generally appeared to be prosperous. Chinese pirates and banditti were committing the atrocities which the villains of the Celestial Empire seem to have carried to a higher degree of cruel precision than those of any other nation. In the Hong Kong paper there is a proclamation of the Chinese dignitary *Kwan*, against certain banditti, who having kidnapped a child of a widow, upon her failure to pay the ransom—they demanded $800—roasted the child, (aged four years) in an iron pot.

The American ship Paragon, of N. York, and the Portuguese brig Simplicia, had both been lost. The crews and passengers were saved, but experienced brutal treatment from the Chinese fisheman and sailors. A British schooner (opium trader) had been captured by a Chinese pirate. The captain, an Englishman, was murdered and thrown overboard. The crew were Malays. It will be many years before the dealings between the Chinese and their new neighbors are put upon a good foundation.

HUMBUG.

A London paper remarks that it will perhaps startle [perhaps] some of its readers "to learn that his Grace the Duke of Wellington has been much occupied lately in the development of an ingenious plan for the fortification of London. His grace is said to be persuaded that on the death of Louis Philippe there is too much reason to apprehend that there will be war with a neighboring kingdom, whose belligerent tendencies have been lately expressed in no measured terms, and he wishes London to have the same security as Paris, viz: the security against being taken by a *coup de main*." The city of Paris is fortified against the citizens. The city of London needs no such defences. Wellington is too good a soldier—unless he be in his dotage—to wander in any such ridiculous manner as the London penny-a-liner imagines.

SPOTS IN THE SUN.

A dark spot ten thousand miles in diameter, its area greater than that of the Atlantic ocean, has been discovered in Boston, about the centre of the sun. It may be seen with difficulty by the naked eye, (through colored glass,) but is shown distinctly with a telescope eight or ten inches in length. Astronomers say spots of this sort are portions of the opaque mass of the sun, seen through openings in the luminous atmosphere or phosphorescent clouds with which that body is surrounded.

A TOUGH STORY.

The following, from the Norwich (Conn.) Courier, is so well attested that we cannot doubt of its truth, as stated. Without any attempt to puzzle out, or to explain the mystery, we leave it to the ingenuity of our readers.

A few days since, while Gillet's Grist Mill, in the neighboring town of Lebanon, was running, the miller found his mill at once standing still. Thinking it might have stopped from want of a greater head of water, he raised his gate higher and increased the quantity. Still the mill refused to go. This led to a closer scrutiny of the machinery, the result of which was, the discovery that the steel rod or spindle which passed downward through the centre of the millstone and rested on another upright steel spindle upon which it revolved, had become united with this upright spindle in such a manner as to make the two separate and distinct bars one solid bar, so perfectly joined together as to render it nearly impossible for the eye to discover the point of junction. The spindle passing perpendicularly through the stone, and which bore up the whole weight of the stone, revolved, it will be recollected, at its lower extremity upon a *fixed* upright spindle or pivot. The pivot and the spindle were both of them round in shape, of exactly the same size, and at the point of contact was within a cast iron box of about four inches square, which was always kept filled with tallow, and of course the ends of the two steel rods, at the point of contract, and at the moment when the junction took place, were imbedded in tallow.

As we have already remarked, the mill stopped instantaneously. Of course, the union of the two steel bars must have been instantaneous. It was also perfect—so perfect that the blacksmith who severed them, was unable to detect the point of junction, except by a minute seam or flaw on one side. To show that the unison was complete and entire, it need only be stated that when the bar was attempted to be sundered with a cold chisel, instead of separating at the precise point of junction, in did, in fact, separate at a point a little one side of this—thus demonstrating that the bar was just as firm and strong at the point of junction as at any other. The diameter of the bar was a little more than an inch. It may be stated, still farther, that the bar was not in the least discolored, nor did it present any other appearance of having been subjected to the action of heat. The weight of the millstone which was supported on the pivot, was judged to be about one ton.

Such are the facts of this singular case—a case, so far as we know or believe, without a parallel; and we have been the more particular in detailing it, from the hope that it may attract the attention and inquiries of the scientific.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Some of the papers, we perceive, are circulating a report that Mr. Brown, our commercial agent at the Sandwich Islands, has been conducting his business in such a manner that his recall is requested by *residents*. This would appear to be a mistake; or at any rate the other side of the story should be heard. It is the *Government* of the Sandwich Islands that has requested the recall of Mr. Brown; and if we understand the matter, the request is made on grounds which should rather confirm him in his place. It is said that the Government has refused to citizens of the United States the same privileges granted by treaty to the English and French—taking the ground that since their independence was acknowledged the United States have formed no *new* treaty with them, *all former treaties being annulled by that act!* This ridiculous view of national law Mr. Brown has resisted. If this be the state of the question Mr. Brown is decidedly in the right, and should be supported instead of recalled.

While upon the subject of the Sandwich Islands, we subjoin a most agreeable picture of their present condition, as stated by the Rev. Dr. Arnold, at a recent meeting in Boston:

"Twenty-five years ago, the Sandwich Islanders were found by our Missionaries in the lowest state of savage degradation, almost entirely destitute of dress, as well as of houses. Now a very large portion of them enjoy the usual comforts of civilized life. Then they had no conception of the expression of thought by written language; but since, their language has been reduced to writing by the missionaries—one hundred and fifty millions of printed pages have not been sufficient to meet the demands of the native inhabitants for reading. Upwards of thirty thousand have been admitted to the communion of different evangelical churches, who have continued to adorn their profession—about one-third of the entire population; despots; now they have a well adjusted code of laws, the regular administration of justice, and all the common blessings of freedom and civilization."

THE INSANE.

Through the politeness of Dr. Kirkbride we have the Report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Insane. One hundred and fifty-three patients have been admitted during the past year, and 134 discharged. 151 remain under care. Of those discharged, 75 were cured, 22 much improved, 16 improved, 9 stationary, and 12 died. Of the causes of insanity, four were traced to fright during the summer riots, and four to the delusion of Millerism.

The whole number of patients admitted into the Massachusetts Insane Hospital from the beginning is 2,013. The whole number that have been discharged, including those that have died, is 1,750. There remain now, at the end of the year, 263 patients. The number admitted the past year has been 263. The number discharged 228, of whom 124 have recovered, and 15 have died. Leaving at the Hospital 8 more patients at the close of year than at its commencement.

Since the opening of the New York State Lunatic Asylum five hundred and fifty-one patients have been admitted, of whom two hundred and ninety-one have been discharged. Of those discharged one hundred and eighty-five were recovered; sixty-one improved; twenty-one unimproved; and twenty-three have died—leaving two hundred and sixty in the institute at the date of the report.

RUMORS.

There are two rumors from Washington, which are worthy of note. One is on the authority of the correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, and claims to be on the "best authority." It is to the effect that "the Oregon negociation will come to an early issue, and one entirely satisfactory to the people of the United States." The other, to which we attach little is "that instructions have been received by the English and French embassies, to make a joint protest in the name of the two Governments, to our Government, against the annexation of Texas to the United States." To be sure such a thing is not impossible, but it looks very much like the revival of an old story.

REBELLIOUS.

The New Brunswick Provincial House of Assembly have passed a resolution 19 to 13, which smacks very strongly of rebellion. It is to the effect that the appointment of the son of the Governor, Secretary of State, "is an act of great injustice to many individuals residents in this colony, whose zeal and ability in the public service, have well entitled them to the confidence of the Government and the people, and is contrary to the wishes and feelings, and the opinion of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in this Province." This is a direct attack upon the prerogative of the British Sovereign; and indicates not a very contented spirit.

A BLUNDER.

A great deal has been said in Congress and in the newspapers, about a parcel of valuable books, sent to the United States by the Government of France, which were *sold for storage* at a Custom House sale, in New York. The books have been recovered, and sent to Washington, and it now seems that the error arose from the stupidity of shipping the books without name, number or mark of any kind. Had it been understood what they were, and for whom intended, they would of course have been immediately forwarded to their destination.

MORE MORMON DIFFICULTY.

The St. Louis New Era, of the 14th ultimo, mentions some more excitement, arising out of the arrest at Nauvoo, of the constable of Hancock County, who is now held in custody by the authorities of that place. A writ was issued for him—the Legion was paraded, and his jailors have expressed their determination to hold on to him at all hazards. The news of his arrest created quite a stir among the people of Warsaw. He is charged with being concerned in the murder of the Smiths.

INMAN THE ARTIST.

In relation to this gentleman's visit to England, the New World says:—"This distinguished artist's visit to Europe, is of good promise to his native country. Already has he sent home portraits of three of the most celebrated men of the present age; Wordsworth, Dr. Chalmers, and Macaulay. We had the gratification of seeing the two latter portraits last week; they are both admirable likenesses. As a painting, we much prefer Dr. Chalmers; there is a benignity and serenity in the features strongly characteristic of that pious and excellent man. That of Macaulay is much more fanciful; he is raising his eyes to heaven, seemingly in deep thought. No blame can attach to the painter for having drawn him in a light brown coat, with a maroon velvet collar, and sky-blue waistcoat. If this be want of taste, it must be attributed to the great essayist himself—we think he might have chosen a more appropriate and less *trenchant* costume. Although a master in the harmony of language, he appears not to have studied the harmony of colors. But be this as it may, we are glad to possess so excellent a portrait. We trust that Mr. Inman will continue to enrich his country by forwarding many such specimens of his admirable talent. For nothing can be more gratifying, after our minds have been instructed and delighted by the works of such eminent men, than to be allowed to contemplate their features, portrayed by a skilful pencil."

THE OLD WORLD.

Just at the last moment, and too late for the greater portion of our last week's impression, we received the news from Europe, by the Hibernia. It embraces no news of any moment. Money in England was easy, and the cotton market remained at previous quotations. The French Ministry had triumphed in two or three closely contested votes, but by a small majority. A subject was pending which would severely test the popularity of Louis, and whatever effect it might produce upon him, would, in all probability, unhorse his ministers. We allude to the Dotation Bill, by which royal fortunes were to be settled upon one or more of the king's descendants, and provision made for the others. If this thing is done at all, it cannot be effected, we suspect, by the present Deputies; and a new election, held with an eye to this subject, might or might not result favorably to the view of the monarch. If it could be demonstrated to be for the "glory" of France, Frenchmen might swallow a pill thus varnished; but we suspect such a demonstration is not within the logic of the royal party.

We may be prepared, by any arrival now, to hear of the demise of the Roman Pontiff. Age, debility, and the cares of his office have so far reduced him, as to render it doubtful whether his frame possess recuperative energies sufficient to withstand the disease under which he is said to be laboring.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The Washington papers contained last week, the two following notices, side by side:

"*Married*, at Washington city, on Thursday last, 13th inst., by the Rev. Norval Wilson, Mr. James Wescott to Miss Harriet Ann Calvert, both of that city."

"*Died*, at Washington city, on Wednesday, 19th inst., Mrs. Harriett Ann, wife of Mr. James Westcott, in the 20th year of her age."

As soon as the marriage ceremony was over the parties went to their new home. On the following Tuesday, the bride visited her father's residence, riding two miles. Before she reached it, however, she became suddenly indisposed, and on her arrival, complained very much. The physician called next day, and assured them there was no danger, and her father, with a heart set at rest as to her condition, went to his duties in the War Department. More than half an hour had not elapsed, however, when he was sent for, and before he reached home, heard she was dead! The poor girl's mother invested her with her wedding garments, and she returned home to have them taken off by the same hands, never to resume any other.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

On Saturday evening last the Belles Lettres Society of Dickinson College, Carlisle, cele- manner in which it was conducted, reflects credit alike on the committee and on the gentlemen who delivered addresses on the occasion; as well also on the useful and flourishing Institution with which they are connected. The exercises were as follows:

PRAYER.

Anniversary Address — J. Newton Urner, Chester Co., Pa.

Virtues Impulse—Charles W. Carrigan, Philadelphia.

The Conflicts of Intellect—S. H. Griffith, Baltimore.

American Liberty in the Hope of the World—James Finch, Rahway, N. J.

Freedom of Inquiry—W. D. Agnew, Carlisle.

Hereditary Distinctions Hostile to Civil Liberty—K. M. Henderson, Carlisle.

The Problem of Government—John Carson, Baltimore.

The exercises are spoken of in high terms by those who were present, and the audience was large, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather.

CONFESSION.

In our last was an account of a horrible murder, committed near New Haven, upon the body of Lucius P. Osborn. A young man, named Andrew T. Potter, arrested for the crime, has confessed that he alone planned and executed it, with most delibrate cruelty and malice. At first he implicated others, with the murderous design of himself escaping, as a state's witness; but in his last confession he denies all former ones, and owns the whole fact. His fate is a most impressive warning. He is the son of respectable parents, and has had as fair advantages as boys in the country generally have, and undoubtedly as good counsel from his parents as he has needed. What have been his early traits of character, we are not informed. But he, not many years since, was a professor of religion, and united himself to a Congregational Church; but was last Summer excommunicated from the same for his general bad character, particularly for visiting houses of bad repute.

NOT EXTINCT.

We supposed that Millerism was nearly or quite extinct, but it appears that there are some believers left. Some of the citizens of Orrington have become so much excited with the advent theories of Father Miller, as to neglect all business and to live upon their substance by selling stock from their farms and the furniture from their dwellings. They have set the twenty-third of next month as the day when the world will be caught up in the air to meet the Lord. The Selectmen of O. have given notice, that several persons named, are to be placed under guardianship, and all persons are cautioned against purchasing any property, as all contracts or deeds will be void on account of their incompetency to manage their affairs.

MR. DORR.

The Providence Transcript says the Supreme Court have granted the writ of error prayed for in the petition of Thomas W. Dorr. The Governor and Attorney-General have been cited, in behalf of the State, to appear on the first Monday of December next, to hear the question argued. Mr. Dorr's counsel will, however, move for a hearing of his case at this term of the Court, if practicable, on the ground of its being a question affecting personal liberty.

HIS OLD TRICKS.

A London paper says that the boy Jones, who belongs to her Majesty's ship Warspite, quitted her one night at Athens, and appeared fully bent on obtaining access to the palace of King Otho, but he was discovered and taken back to his ship. This is the boy who had such a passion for getting in the palace of Queen Victoria. He is a young gentleman of decidedly aristocratic and royal promptings.

THE STATE TREASURY.

We see it stated, that the receipts in the State Treasury, this month, has, so far, been double those of the corresponding time last year. We trust the same ratio, or something like it, will be kept up; but if the revenue only equals last year, the Keystone will be "right as a trevet."

THE MISSING PACKETS.

The packet-ship England, of 729 tons burthen, sailed from Liverpool on the 1st of December, with a total of ninety persons on board, and a valuable cargo. Up to our latest dates from New York, nothing had been heard from her.

The United States packet-ship, sailed from Liverpool on the 26th of November, and of her also, no tidings have been received. She had on board a total of seventy-four persons, and a valuable cargo. As both vessels were strong and well built, and as no intelligence later than the 24th of January has been received from the Azores, and the latest dates from Lisbon and Cadiz are to the 23d of January, there is room for hope that these ships may have put in at one of those ports in distress. But after all, the hope is a faint one; and the anxiety of the friends of those on board is at the highest and most distressing point.

THE KNAVISH CAPTAIN.

Our readers will probably recollect that in 1838, a Captain Denison, of the American brig O. C. Raymond, took on board at Canton, for Macao, $70,000 in specie, with which he ran away, striking across the Pacific to Talcahuana, South America. There he sold his vessel, and took passage in the whale ship Archer, for Payta. At Payta he left the Archer, and came overland to New Orleans, and thence to New Bedford, where he spent a portion of the summer, as it would seem, unmolested. The Archer has just arrived at New Bedford, with $31,000 of the plunder on board, which has been seized by the U. S. authorities, and waits the issue of the case. It is a pity that so great a knave as himself escapes; but it must have been from the lack of proper evidence and the requisite formalities, to intercept him, in a case so peculiar.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury upon the Commerce and Navigation of the United States, shows that the value of Imports into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1844, was $108,434,935. The Exports amounted to $111,243,427. This is a balance on the right side.

The number of vessels which cleared from ports in the United States in 1844, was: American, 8,348, with a tonnage of 2,010,924; Foreign, 5,500, tonnage 906,814. The number of vessels which entered the ports of the United States, was: American, 8,148, tonnage 1,977,438; Foreign, 5,577, tonnage, 916,992. Of the Foreign vessels, 5,030 were British.

PITTSBURG.

We notice that arrangements have been completed for two new daily lines of steamboats, to commence this Spring, connecting Pittsburg with Louisville, and with Cincinnati. The steamboat builders are busy in the iron city. Beside the iron vessels on the stocks for the U. S. Government, we observe that an iron steamer, called the Hunter was recently launched there. She is of one hundred and thirty tons burthen, and built on Lieut. Hunter's plan of submerged propellers. It is believed she will go to Russia, as a specimen of American skill.

ANOTHER TREATY.

The Madisonian of Saturday, says—"The President sent into the Senate, yesterday, a Treaty recently concluded by our Minister at Bogota, which is said to be highly important to the trade and commerce of the United States." It was concluded and signed at Bogota, on the 6th of March last, and formed for the purpose of drawing more closely, the relations existing between the two countries, and of facilitating the prompt and regular transportation of the correspondence of the United States across the Isthmus of Panama.

A BARGAIN STOPPED.

There has been a rumor, variously received by the public, to the effect that a negotiation was going on between Great Britain and Santa Ana, for the cession of California to the former, when the latter was taken prisoner. The Journal of Commerce says—"The fact that such information has been received by our Government, and in a shape which commands belief, we will personally vouch for." Santa Ana's recognised by the new Government.

THE FRENCH STEAMERS.

The last news relative to the much talked of line of French Steamers to this country, is that it is abandoned. The Paris National states that the project has been given up, and the ships built, have been transferred to another service. The Minister of Marine has suppressed the Steamship Bureau. This movement will undoubtedly be the occasion for a serious discussion in the Chambers. The announcement of the National is looked upon as official.

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

The readers of American periodicals are familiar with the name of this lady, from her frequent correspondence with our magazines. She was a sister of Mrs. Hemans, and scarcely less gifted as a writer. The name under which she has written was her maiden name; but she had been sometime married to Mr. James Gray. By the last steamer, intelligence was received of her decease. She was lovely as a woman, and accomplished as a writer.

NEW ORLEANS.

The business season at New Orleans must have been this year a most brilliant one. The Picayune of a late date says—"The whole length of our Levee, from the lower line of the city up, presents a perfect 'forest of masts.' Two days ago there were in this port 120 ships, 63 barques, 56 brigs, and 40 schooners—in all 279 vessels: besides an immense number of schooners, sloops, &c., engaged in the Lake and Gulf trades."

CHEROKEE TREATY.

The Cherokee Advocate states that a deputation, headed by John Ross, has been appointed to proceed to Washington, and obtain, if possible, a treaty that will embrace and settle all matters which are open between their people and the Government of the United States. These matters, of little importance to the United States, except as to its sense of justice, are of immense importance to the Cherokees.

EARLY FLOWERS.

Some of the earlier descriptions of wild flowers are already in bloom in this vicinity—and indeed some were plucked in January, and in the early part of February, previous to the late great snow storm. Probably March will take severe care of such precocious buddings.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

It is stated that the total number of acres of Public Lands sold in 1844, was 1,605,264; and the money received was $2,016,044. For the first three quarters of 1844, the total of acres was 1,177,335, and of money $1,482,276.

NATIVE AMERICANS.

Delegates from this party met in Harrisburg on Saturday last, and transacted the usual business of Conventions. An address was adopted, and the Convention adjourned to meet in this city on the Fourth of July next.

THE WRECK.

The wreck of the United States Revenue Cutter Vigilant, has at last been discovered near Key West, after long search. The bodies of two of the crew were found. It will be remembered that she was lost last Fall.

ONE HAND VS. ONE LEG.

Paredes, the successful general in Mexico, is said to have only one hand, having lost the other in battle. Santa Ana has only one leg; and it would therefore seem, that a hand can be better spared than a leg.

THE STATE CANALS.

We understand that the Canal Commissioners, have determined to let the water into the Pennsylvania Canals on the 10th of March, or if possible sooner, so as to commence navigation on that day.

LONDON.

Some idea of the population of London may be gathered from the fact, that the weekly deaths of the mammoth city are about one thousand.

WIDOWS.

It is stated in the Barnstable Patriot, that in the little town of Truro, on Cape Cod, numbering nineteen hundred inhabitants only, there are one hundred and thirty widows. In 1841, the town lost sixty citizens by marine disasters, and last year many were lost also. The occupation of a fisherman is indeed attended with peril.

PARTRIDGES.

The Boston Post in noticing the violent and dangerous sickness of a gentleman after dining upon partridges, remarks, that every year similar cases are reported. The partridges near Boston do not feed themselves, it would seem, with a proper regard to the health of those who propose to feed upon them.

CABINET MAKING.

The papers continue to speculate upon Mr. Polk's cabinet, but it is said that none of these rumors come from him, for he closely keeps his own counsel. It is furthermore said, which is truly a wonderful thing under the sun, that no personal application has, as yet, been made to Mr. P. for office.

PENN. BIBLE SOCIETY.

Jacob Lex, Esq., Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, acknowledges the receipt from different sources, the amount of $469 82, from January 9th to February 15th, 1845. There have been 632 bibles, and 1,183 testaments distributed within that period.

Army & Navy.

☞ Two iron steamers are on the stocks at Pittsburg; one is called the John Tyler, built for a revenue cutter in the Gulf of Mexico; the other is an iron forty-four gun steam-frigate, to be ship-rigged, 1,100 tons burthen—the largest iron vessel ever built in the United States. Both these vessels are constructed on Hunter's plan.

☞ The U. S. frigate Brandywine, Commodore Parker, was at Macao in November—officers and crew all well—to leave for the United States about the 20th of December.

☞ There are about 2,000 United States troops at the different stations on Red River, who will probably remain there till the annexation question is settled.

☞ The frigates Raritan and United States, had both arrived at Rio from Montevideo; the latter, on the 4th. The brig Bainbridge was also at Rio.

☞ Brig Patriot, at Boston, from St. Domingo, reports that U. S. ship Vandalia, for Azua, sailed Dec. 25. Officers and crew all well.

☞ The U. S. ship Constitution, for the East Indies, was signalized 31st ult., lat. 29, long. 86, steering south; doubted.

☞ The frigate Columbia is said to be fitting for the East India Station, under the command of Captain Shubrick.

☞ On the 9th November, the United States sloop of war Preble, was at Bissau, Africa, all well.

☞ The United States steam ship Princeton, Capt. Stockton, put to sea from New York, last week.

☞ The U. S. ship St. Louis, Captain Kreever, left Chusan for Macao, October 13th.

☞ The Potomac arrived at Port au Prince on the 14th of January. All well.

☞ The U. S. sloop Boston, sailed from Rio December 3d, for Montevideo.

Local Intelligence.

THE LOPER.

A new iron canal boat, called the Loper, built by Merrick & Town, made, on Tuesday, an experiment trip to Fort Mifflin. She ran down in 65 minutes, and returned, wind and tide being in her favor, in 41, thus doing the whole sixteen miles in one hour and forty-six minutes. This is the fastest trip ever made by a boat of her size in our waters.

RIOTOUS.

Several manifestations of a riotous spirit [illegible] this sort of chivalry is now manfully and heroically directed against the negroes. They have been attacked, apparently without provocation, and with great brutality. The police will do well to attend to this matter early.

ANOTHER NEW BUILDING.

The directors of the Athenæum, have purchased a lot, corner of Adelphi and South streets, on which they propose the erection of a suitable building for the Library of the Institution. We are glad to hear of this; for it is of a class of improvements which are at once an ornament and an honor to a city.

ODD FELLOWS' JOURNAL.

This is the title of a large and well filled sheet, which appeared on Saturday last, from the office of B. E. Smith, No. 62 Walnut street. Its title indicates its character and purpose, and in general interest and value it promises well.

MILITARY PAGEANT.—The parade of the First Brigade on Monday, postponed from Saturday, in honor of the anniversary of Washington's Birth Day, under Brig. Gen. Cadwalader, was a truly martial and imposing spectacle. It consisted of two troops of cavalry under Captain Butler; a full regiment of nine companies of Artillery under Col. Pleasanton, and the First Regiment of Infantry, ten companies strong, under Col. Murray. All the infantry and artillery companies, except the Cadwalader and Washington Grays of the former, and Washington Blues, First State Fencibles and Mechanic Rifles, of the latter, were newly uniformed, agreeably to the present United States regulation pattern, and the whole parade comprised about one thousand men. The day was unusually mild and clear, and the streets, for the season of the year, in good condition.

KENSINGTON.—In this District, on Friday last, an election was held for Ward officers. In four of the Wards Aldermen were chosen, the Democrats electing two and the Natives two. The Natives elected four Assessors, the Democrats one. The Natives elected three Inspectors, the Whigs one, and the Democrats one. The Democrats elected two Judges of Elections, the Natives two, and the Whigs one. The Native candidate for Town Clerk was elected.

☞ Several houses in this vicinity were struck by lighting on Sunday—two in Second street near Marion, and one in Newton street, between Fourth and Fifth. The gable end of one of the houses in Second street was much injured and nearly knocked off, while a stove within was turned completely round. In Newton street, the roof of the house was partly torn off by the electric fluid.

OMNIBUSSES.—The various omnibus proprietors appear to be waking up; as nearly on all the old routes new and convenient stages are placed, and in many new routes convenient conveyances are provided for our citizens. As the city increases and spreads its borders, omnibusses increase in number; and they in turn help the increase of the city.

☞ Wesley Flavell, convicted of murder, was pardoned by Gov. Porter, on condition that he should leave the country. The keeper of the Penitentiary refused to release him, on such terms; but the Supreme Court has decided that the pardon was valid, and on Tuesday the Sheriff witnessed his embarcation for Liverpool.

☞ A singular and distressing accident occurred last week at the residence of Mr. White, in Beaver Street, Kensington. A servant, while dusting the mantel, brushed off a large shell ornament, which fell upon the head of one of Mr. White's children, and injured it so badly that its life is despaired of.

☞ A gentleman from Tennessee dropped, last week, in Market Street, a pocket book containing $10,000. It was picked up and restored to him by a lady. If the parties are not married, here is a chance for Cupid to fire his pop gun, with tissue paper wadding.

AT HALF MAST.—The flags of the shipping in our harbor were, on Wednesday, hoisted at half mast, in respect for the memory of Captain Engles, of the ship Valparaiso, who died at Canton. The Valparaiso was owned in this city. The residence of Captain S. was at Chester, Pa.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.—This anniversary was celebrated in this city and vicinity with a great deal of spirit, by dinners, parades, &c. It is an occasion which should never pass unhonored.

☞ The new bridge over the Wissahiccon is now so far complete, that the cars are running over it.

New York City.

☞ The body of a young lady, about twenty years of age, was taken from the water on Monday morning, at Hoboken, near the Sybil's cave. The body was handsomely dressed, with silk bonnet, French calico dress, and a valuable shawl. In a pocket attached to the dress, were a handkerchief, not marked, five cents and a key. The death seemed to have been quite recent. This is the same place where was found the body of Mary Rogers.

☞ A Magnetic Telegraph is being laid down in New York, between Wall Street and Up Town, by which messages are to be transmitted between the places of business and the residences of the business men: "My dear what time shall you be up?" The husband answers, "What's for dinner?" and governs himself *accordingly*.

☞ New York was visited by a thunder shower, on Sunday. The Sun, says the country is entirely clear of snow; the frost is out of the ground, and every thing wears the appearance of Spring. The prospect of an early opening of the Hudson River, is truly encouraging.

☞ The lease of the new N. Y. Post Office, on Nassau street, is for seven years, at $5,000 a year. At the end of this lease, the Government is entitled to another lease for seven, fourteen or twenty-one years at its pleasure.

☞ The prices of admission to the Park Theatre, New York, have been reduced to twenty-five cents to every part of the house.

☞ There are said to be no less than 30,000 Germans in the city of New York.

Personal News.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—Rev. Joel S. Everett, of Halifax, Vermont, Mrs. Everett, of Southbridge, Massachusetts, and Miss H. L. Lovell, of Palmyra, New York, are expected to sail from Boston, in the barque Stamboul, for Smyrna, on Tuesday next, as missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. Mr. and Mrs. Everett will devote themselves to missionary labors among the Armenians in Smyrna and vicinity, and Miss Lovell will reside at Constantinople, and take the charge of a Seminary for the education of American females.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer publishes an interesting obituary notice of Mrs. Joanna Bouldin, the widow of Major Wood Bouldin, deceased, who died on the 15th ultimo, in Charlotte county, Virginia, in the ninety-third year of her age. She was the sister of John Tyler, formerly Governor of Virginia, who was the father of President Tyler, whose aunt, therefore, she was. She was a lady held in the highest respect, and was one of the finest remaining specimens of the high-bred Virginia dame of "the old school."

☞ The occupation of the members of the House of Representatives of this State, are as follows—Farmers, 43; Lawyers, 21; Merchants, 8; Mechanics, 6; Physicians, 5; Teachers, 3; Conveyancers, 2; Machinist, 1; Gentleman, 1; Drover 1; Printer, 1; Professor, 1; Manufacturer, 1; Miller, 1.

☞ The New Hampshire Patriot, notices the death, at Andover N. H., on the 1st inst., of Samuel M'Guinn, a Revolutionary pensioner, known in his vicinity as the "Caithness veteran." He died at the remarkable age of one hundred and ten years and two months. He was a native of Scotland.

☞ We see it stated in the Columbia, S. C., Chronicle that the Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, his wife, child and nurse, all died on the night of the 21st ult., of pneumonia, at Yorkville, in that State. Mr. Jacobs was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and Principal of the Female Academy of that village.

☞ Ole Bull, it is said, had a quarrel with some of the passengers on board the Mississippi steamboat in which he embarked for New Orleans. He is said to have been forced to take refuge in the ladies cabin, and to be obliged, for his own safety, to leave the boat at Memphis.

☞ The Attorney General of the Commonwealth, has made the following appointments:—Henry S. Magraw, Esq., to be Prosecuting Attorney for the county of Allegheney. Decatur E. Nice, Esq., for Schylkill county. James H. Walton, Esq., for Monroe county.

☞ John Tyler, Jr., is out with a letter in the Richmond Enquirer, in which he defines his political opinions, preparatory to running for Congress for the First Congressional District of Virginia, now represented by Mr. Atkinson.

☞ The Fool Chief—head war-chief of the Kansas nation—was killed a short time since in a drunken brawl, by one of his own tribe. This name of "Fool" was given him on account of his rash, adventurous courage.

☞ The Rev. Elisha Scott Williams, of Beverly, Mass., the oldest graduate of Yale College, departed this life on the 3d inst., aged 87 years. He was a Baptist clergyman, and graduated in 1775.

☞ The members of the Missouri Legislature, have signed a strong recommendation, in favor of the appointment of Mrs. Linn, widow of the late Senator Linn, to be post-mistress at St. Louis.

☞ Major Tochman, a Polish exile, who has delivered lectures on Poland in the principal cities of the United States, was admitted a practitioner of law in the Courts of Baltimore on Friday week.

☞ Mr. Coleman, who took out to England and France, last year, his Æolian Attachment to the piano forte, which attracted so much notice in London and Paris, was a passenger in the Hibernia.

☞ Mr. John Hightower, a soldier of the Revolution, died a week or two since, in Marengo county, Alabama, at the age of 126 years. He received a wound at Braddock's defeat, 99 years ago.

☞ R. E. Hammett, Esq., for several years editor of the Vicksburg Whig, has retired from it, and intimates in his valedictory that he may resume the chair editorial in some other quarter.

☞ The Attorney General of Pennsylvania, has appointed J. Pringle Jones, Esq., to be Deputy Attorney General, for the county of Berks. Lewis Roberts, Esq., for the county of Greene.

☞ John Neal, Esq., of Portland, Maine, has been nominated as a candidate for Mayor of Portland, by the American Republican party there. Mr. Neal is well known as a vigorous writer.

☞ The death of Captain Alden Partridge, well known as a teacher of military tactics, occurred at Norwich, Vermont, on the 17th January. He was upwards of 70 years old.

☞ Charles Gilman, Esq., has been appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court of Illinois. He is author of a well prepared digest of the former reports of the Illinois Courts.

☞ The widows of President Madison and General Alexander Hamilton, lately dined with President Tyler. Their aggregate ages are more than 170 years.

☞ Hon. Henry W. Dwight, of Berkshire, Massachusetts, late member of Congress, died suddenly last week at New York.

☞ The nomination of John W. Edmonds, Esq., as successor to Judge Kent, in the New York Circuit Court, has been confirmed by the Senate of New York.

☞ Wm. H. Barrymore, well known to theatre going people in this city and elsewhere, died, a few days since, in Boston, at the age of fifty-six years.

☞ On the 20th inst., the wife of David Ritchery, of Haverstraw, Rockland county, N. Y., presented her husband with three fine girls at one birth.

☞ Lewis Rogers, who, it was alleged, was murdered by the Ross Party, is yet alive. The "Ross Party" are continually assailed by false rumors.

☞ Mr. Mangum, President of the U. S. Senate, has been initiated into the mysteries of the order of Odd Fellows, at Washington.

☞ The Ohio fat girl, now exhibiting in Kentucky, is not only bigger, fatter and heavier than ever, but is daily growing.

☞ The Mobile Daily Advertiser informs us that the Rev. D. H. Gillette died in that city on the evening of the 9th instant.

☞ James Cartledge, Jr., a soldier of the Revolution, died on the 9th inst., in Columbia county, Ga., aged 90 years.

☞ The Charleston papers announce the death of George B. Eckhard, Judge of the Charleston City Court.

☞ General Almonte, the Mexican Minister, is dangerously ill, at his residence in Washington.

☞ The Charleston papers notice the death of James Fife, Esq., an old merchant of that city.

☞ The Delaware Journal announces the death of Arnold S. Naudain, Esq., aged 67.

☞ Mayor Harper, of New York, has accepted re-nomination.

Crimes.

HORRID.—A Mrs. Green died, a few days since, at Berlin, near Troy, N. Y., under circumstances which cast suspicion on her husband, of having poisoned her. About a week after they were married, Mrs. Green remarked to another person, before her death, that she feared her husband had poisoned her, because she saw him putting a white powder into her tea. On asking him what it was, he said it was flour, and she being satisfied, drank the tea, fell sick, and died in a few days after. Green was also seen, a short time before his wife's death, to take down a bottle of arsenic from the drugs in a store in Berlin. A post mortem examination was to have been had on the 19th, with a view to ascertain whether poison could be found in the body.

INCREASE OF JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.—Among the prisoners sentenced in the Municipal Court in Boston, on Saturday, were no less than eight small boys. Most of them had been convicted of burglary and larceny, and the prosecuting attorney remarked, in relation to the frightful prevalence of crime among the young, that it appeared to be rapidly increasing, and that more minors had been convicted within the last eighteen months, than during the preceding five or six years.

☞ F. H. Hatch, charged with killing Mr. W. A. Jackson, in a rencontre at the St. Louis ball room, in New Orleans, on the 4th inst., underwent an examination on the 13th inst., and was fully committed to stand his trial for murder.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The reports of the Secretary of State have shown that of the $500,000 spent annually in New York for the support of the poor—one half of this *enormous tax* can be traced to the insatiate Moloch of intemperance.

☞ Some heavy moulded thieves recently entered a new house, near the Navy Yard in Washington, and removed from one of its rooms two handsome marble mantle pieces which had been lately put up.

☞ The amount of Mississippi Treasury Warrants now out, will be reduced by next March to 150,000, and that on or before March, 1846, all will have been redeemed and a balance be left in the treasury.

☞ The Bank of England has given the firm of Rogers & Co. value for the notes stolen from their premises, on the latter giving a guarantee to meet them if ever they should be presented for payment.

☞ Within about twelve months the Boston Municipal Court has paid into the Treasury of Massachusetts, through the Sheriff, for recognizances, $13,937 96, fines and costs $7,200 00. Total, $21,131 96.

☞ The whole number of deaths in Lowell in 1844 was 362; in 1843, 363; in 1842, 473; in 1841, 456; in 1840, 426. The population of the city has increased from 20,981 in 1840, to 25,163 in 1844.

☞ A Committee has been appointed by the Louisiana Legislature to enquire into the most efficient means to be employed to prevent the City of New Orleans from being destroyed by inundation.

☞ During the year 1844 there were built in Boston 1,132 houses; in East Boston, 295; in South Boston, 198, making a total of 1,625 houses, and an excess over the year of 1843 of 507 houses.

☞ The influx of Jews to the Holy Land, has been very great of late. There is no more room in Jerusalem for them; they have already spread over a part of the Turkish quarter.

☞ The Governor of Connecticut has issued his proclamation, recommending the 21st day of March to be observed as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, throughout that State.

☞ The speck of war with the anti-renters at Hudson, N. Y., has cost that State in pay of the troops, about $23,698, to say nothing of the cost of supporting them.

☞ The American Secretary of Legation sent voluminous despatches by the "Hibernia," which also brought 50,000 letters, and 140 bushels of newspapers.

☞ There are twenty-seven vessels on the stocks at Quebec, estimated at 18,250 tons—and in the building of which there are about 2,300 men employed.

☞ The Cotton and Wool Factory of Lebanon, Tenn., yet in its infancy, consumes annually six hundred bales of cotton, and $100,000 worth of wool.

☞ A Magnetic Telegraph is about to be established between London and Portsmouth. The expenses to be defrayed principally by the Admiralty.

☞ The bill to reduce the salaries of all Judges hereafter appointed, to $1,000 per year, has passed both Houses of the Legislature of Illinois.

☞ The Captain General of Cuba, has issued a proclamation declaring all vessels arriving at Cuba with slaves on board confiscated.

☞ The mere contingent expenses of the Court of the United States for jurors, witnesses, &c., amount to $500,000. The salaries $126,000.

☞ The old Theatre at Alexandria, D. C., has been sold, and is to be transformed forthwith, into a flour and produce warehouse.

☞ On the 5th and 6th inst., the thermometer in St. Augustine fell as low as 30 or 31 degrees, and there was some show of ice.

☞ There were only five hundred and fifty-three deaths in Charleston last year, which contains a population of nearly 30,000.

☞ The Berks and Schuylkill (Pa.) Journal says, that Luzerne county will shortly become famous for its manufacture in iron.

☞ The five snag boats now operating on the Western rivers, removed during the month of December last, 9,192 snags.

☞ The traffic of the last six months, on the thirty principal railways of Great Britain, amounted to £3,264,450.

☞ The London Packet Ship Northumberland, Capt. Griswold, went out in her last passage in 15 days.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*
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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

A Manual of Ancient and Modern History. *By W. C. Taylor, L.L.D., M.R.A.S., of Trinity College, Dublin. Revised by C. S. Henry, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the City of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.* This work, under the head of ancient History, contains the political history, geographical position, and social state of the principal nations of antiquity, carefully revised from the ancient writers; and under the head of Modern History, the rise and progress of the principal European nations, their political history, and the changes in their social condition, with a history of the colonies founded by Europeans. To the Modern History, the American Editor has added a carefully written chapter on the History of the United States, giving our country its proper weight in the book.

This work possesses advantages of arrangement which must render it at once an academical and college text book. Such was its primary intention, and if adapted for that, it is necessarily convenient for family reading and for private students. Nonsense appears to have been administered to the reading public *ad nauseam*, and there is a craving for more substantial and useful food, to which works of this class will minister. It has an advantage over the former excellent works of Tytler and others, not only in improved arrangement, and a more philosophical treatment of the subject, but in accuracy; for with every year new discoveries add to the clearness with which ancient records may be arranged and sifted. With an original author so well adapted to his duty as Taylor, and with the clear head and erudition of the American editor, there would be little risk in pronouncing this work, unexamined, the best of its kind. It is a large and well printed octavo.

Medical Jurisprudence. *By Wm. A. Guy. First American Edition. Edited by Dr. C. A. Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Ferrett & Co.* This work contains the principles of Medical Jurisprudence, with so much of Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and the Practice of Surgery, as are essential to be known by Lawyers, Coroners and Magistrates. Dr. Lee, the American editor, has added two hundred pages to the American edition, thus highly increasing its value. It supplies, in a most excellent and satisfactory manner, a want that has long been felt; and is so convenient, as a work of reference, that it will undoubtedly minister both to the cause of justice, and to that of humanity. No coroner or magistrate should delay the purchase of it—for it will resolve doubts, and direct the proper course to pursue in many an emergency.

Class Book of Prose. *By John S. Hart, Principal of the Philadelphia High School. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.* This collection includes selections from distinguished authors, from Chaucer down to the present day. As regards subject and style, they are each excellent specimens of their authors, and many of them are from writers whose works are comparatively little accessible. The notices of early English writers, though necessarily brief, are just and discriminating. It will be a good occupation for students to trace the alteration in English, from one generation to another; and to many young readers this may be the key that will unlock the storehouse of our too much neglected English literature.

Godey's Magazine and Ladies' Book. *March.*—The opening paper of this number, is from the pen of a gentleman of our intimate acquaintance—(other people call him a gentleman, and we suppose we may) and if it is not a good article, it is not because the subject is a bad one. It is an effort to place in its proper light, the heroism of the Women of Seventy-Six. The other contributions, prose and verse, constitute an agreeable and well arranged variety. Among the rest the Poor Scholar's Cubana, tastes like a luscious tropical fruit. Miss Leslie's articles always have a dash of good humored satire to make them piquant, and the other writers, furnish something for all humors. It is a good number.

The Columbian Magazine *for March. New York: Israel Post. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.*—At the commencement of this volume, Robert A. West, Esq., became connected with the former editor; and under their joint labors the book is taking the best of firm footholds in the favor of the public—that based on intrinsic excellence. The Columbian is one of the best of the many magazines now issued; and having entered its third volume, can count on past acquaintance for verification of its future promises.

The Discourse at Capernaum. *An Essay by Samuel H. Turner, D. D. New York: Harpers.* The author of this Essay, who is Professor of Biblical Learning in the General Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, wrote it in reply to the views of Dr. Wiseman, on the Real Presence, in which reference is made to the Discourse upon the Mount. Dr. W. is one of the most able divines of the Roman, and Dr. Turner has a high reputation in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The work is for sale at *Ferrett's.*

The Chimes. *By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a beautiful illustrated edition, corresponding in appearance with the Ghost Story for Christmas, published last year. The two books are very much alike in character, and nearly equal in interest. The Ghost Story has most merit as a composition; the other is full of deeper thought and meaning. Either is enough to make a writer's reputation. *T. B. Peterson* has the work for sale.

Latin Without a Master. *New York: Wilson & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, and Zieber & Co.* The first half of this work has been published, the residue is to appear in March. It is on the same plan as "French without a Master," and by the same author; and attention to its directions will much aid the student. If he follows them exactly, he will obtain a good knowledge of the structure of the language.

Arthur's Magazine, *for March*, published by Ferrett & Co., opens with Mrs. Hall's beautiful sketch, "Norah Clary's Wise Thought," accompanying a portrait of Norah. The picture is a charming one, and no better match could be found. The other matter is well prepared and interesting, and not the least agreeable is the portion from the Editor's own pen.

Graham's Magazine—*March.* This number is one of Mr. Graham's best issues, in point of matter, embellishments, and all its belongings. Its embellishments are an Indian Picture, a View near Bordentown, and a line engraving called the Love Letter. The first two are highly finished and beautiful engravings. The reading matter is of the usual excellence.

Pictorial History of the World. *By John Frost, L.L.D. Philadelphia: Benj. Walker.* We have received the initial number of this work, which is to be completed in thirty numbers, forming three octavo volumes, each complete in itself; Ancient History, the Middle Ages, and Modern History. The first number is magnificently and liberally illustrated.

Knowlson's Complete Farrier, is the title of a work for sale by *Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* It is doubtless a good thing, and seems to have been written by a practical common-sense man. Those who understand any thing of horse flesh, can tell by what they understand, whether the residue is good or not.

Marston, *or The Memoirs of a Statesman. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is the reprint of an interesting story, originally published in Blackwood, and said to be by Dr. Warren. It is useful in a sense above mere amusement as giving a glance at British political life. It may be had of *T. B. Peterson.*

The Story of a Feather. *By Douglas Jerrold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This work originally appeared in the columns of the London Punch. That circumstance vouches for its wit. Douglas Jerrold has yet to write the first work devoid of interest and an excellent point and aim.

Corse De Leon; *Or the Brigand. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harpers.* This novel, one of James's best is published as number five of the pocket edition of select novels. It reads well, like all others by the same author. It may be had of *T. B. Peterson*, and of *Ferrett & Co.*

Shakspeare.—The illustrated edition of the works of Shakspeare, has passed into the hands of Messrs. Harpers, by whom the two last numbers have been issued, in the same elegant style as the preceding ones. It is for sale by *Ferrett* and by *T. B. Peterson.*

The Wandering Jew. Harpers' edition of the Wandering Jew, No. 8, has been received by *Ferrett & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson.* It is eagerly sought after by a very large number of readers.

The Bible in Spain has been translated into French, and is selling rapidly in Paris, and attracting a great deal of notice there. Campbell's edition keeps up its steady sale in this country.

MRS. TYLER'S FETE.

All the papers have had some allusion, and many have contained long notices of Mrs. Tyler's "Retiring Ball." In none of them is the scene more graphically described than in the following letter to the New York Mirror:

The closing Drawing-Room at the Executive Mansion took place about two weeks since, and every one was surprised at the elegance of so general an assemblage. Compared with the Grand Ball (Mrs. Tyler's final entertainment,) it was a farthing rush-light to the noon-day sun. Washington had never seen the like before, and it may be long ere it sees the like again. This affair had been the prevailing topic of the social metropolis for ten days. During all this time the greatest anxiety was manifested to obtain invitations, and it was understood that the number given out to select guests eventually reached upwards of two thousand. For a week all the mantuakers and sempstresses plied the busy needle, and the only words were "the ball! the ball!" The shop-keepers reaped a harvest; the tailors made suit upon suit, and the legion of hack drivers doubled their prices and chuckled with delight.

The eventful night came, and the heart of many a *demoiselle*, and many a *preux chevalier*, leaped with delight as the appointed hour approached. At about nine o'clock, the roll of carriages could be heard in every street, and along every road; for not only Washington, but the neighboring cities, and surrounding country, contributed chosen guests to Mrs. Tyler's Farewell Ball. From the Court of the Executive Mansion, down the long avenue to the President's Square, and far away in the distance stretched the unbroken line of vehicles; and it was not until after a long and tedious delay, in slow advances, that I at length found my way into the ante-room, where a hundred others were divesting themselves of their outer garments, and devoting a moment to the toilet.

The high and spacious halls, usually cold and sombre, wore a warm and cheerful aspect, and no longer returned an empty echo. From the ante-room to the reception-room, poured a constant stream of beauty and elegance; the scene reminded one of the *Concerts a la Musard*, for at the same time the inimitable strains of the marine band in full force filled the apartments. Entering the Blue-Room, the names of the guests were announced, and they then passed on, exchanging congratulations with the President, his bride and the ladies of his household, who stood in line at the side of the room. I'll have nothing to do with his politics, but John Tyler always discharges the duties of such occasions with high bred propriety, and never was the dignity and urbanity of his manners more conspicuous. As to his *beautiful bride*, whom I, saw from time to time in "foreign parts," I can scarcely trust my pen to write. Burke apostrophized the Queen of France, whom he saw "just above the horizon;" but I have seen this lady above many horizons; have seen the wigged and gowned barristers of the Queen's Bench desert the Court, and follow her and her lovely sister in silent apostrophe; have seen the audience of the Grand Opera at Naples rise in subdued admiration as they entered the box of ——; have seen, in the Zoological Gardens of Paris, crowds follow them and impede their progress. To-night she looked the Juno, and with her step daughter, sister, and cousins, constituted a galaxy of beauty, and I am told equal talent, which no Court of Europe could equal. She was dressed in embroidered satin, partly covered with looped lace, and wore a Shepherd's bonnet with Ostrich feathers and diamond ornaments.

I stepped aside and noted the in-comers. Among them were all the members of the cabinet and their families, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, and many distinguished strangers. The foreign Ministers appeared in court costume *de rigeur* in accordance with the order of Mr. T. Here was the quiet Packenham; and here were Pageot, Bodisco, Calderon, &c.; whose ladies, particularly Mrs. Bodisco, attracted much attention. But let us follow the current; from the Blue, the Washington, the Green rooms, let us pass to the East room. The carpets had been taken up, and the floor was polished and chalked. In the recess of the great window, was placed the orchestra, draperied with blue damask, and covered with the American flag. In this splendid hall a thousand candles shed from the immense chandeliers and brackets a flood of light; and the spacious mirrors redoubled in reflection the surpassing beauty of the spectacle. Shortly after the door was opened, the East room could scarcely have contained less than a thousand persons, but the crowd gradually dispersed through the other apartments and left room for three large quadrilles.

Mrs. Tyler opened the ball with the Secretary of War, and afterwards danced with the Postmaster General and the Spanish Minister. I should like to name the many beautiful ladies conspicuous on this occasion, but it may not be allowable to allude to private persons. In every part of the room were officers of the army and navy, in full uniform, adding to the brilliancy of the scene. The gigantic figure of the general-in-chief, was very observable; and the brave old commander, of Ironsides memory, could by no means, though of less portly stature, escape remark. Here also were General Lamar, Dallas, Buchanan, Walker, and I know not how many more eminent men. The supper was got up with great magnificence, but in the general rush was soon demolished. Wine flowed like water, but everything seemed to be enjoyed in moderation; evident enjoyment and dignified demeanor were united. The ladies were generally attired with elegance and taste—too expensively attired! More diamonds sparkled than I have seen on any occasion in this country. It is said that this entertainment cost the President *near two thousand dollars.* When will Washington see the like again? The family of Mr. Polk was present, but he and his lady were detained away by the illness of the latter. Fale.

Documentary.

MESSAGES.

The following are the two Messages, received by the Senate on Thursday week, referred to in our Congressional Report:

OREGON.

To the Senate of the United States:

In answer to the resolution of the Senate of 11th December, 1844, requesting the President to lay before the Senate, if in his judgment that may be done without prejudice to the public interests, a copy of any instructions which may have been given by the Executive to the American Minister in England on the subject of the title to and occupation of the Territory of Oregon since the 4th day of March, 1841; also, a copy of any correspondence which may have passed between this Government and that of Great Britain, or between either of the two Governments and the Minister of the other, in relation to that subject since that time, I have to say that, in my opinion, as the negotiation is still pending, the information sought for cannot be communicated without prejudice to the public service.

I deem it proper, however, to add, that considerable progress has been made in the discussion, which has been carried on in a very amicable spirit between the two Governments, and that there is reason to hope that it may be terminated, and the negotiation be brought to a close, within a short period.

I have delayed answering the resolutions, under the expectation, expressed in my annual message, that the negotiation would have been terminated before the close of the present session of Congress, and that the information called for by the resolution of the Senate might be communicated. JOHN TYLER.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

I transmit, herewith, for the information of Congress, copies of certain despatches recently received from Mr. Wise, our Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Brazil, upon the subject of the Slave Trade, developing the means used and the devices resorted to, in order to evade existing enactments upon that subject.

Anxiously desirous as are the United States to suppress a traffic so revolting to humanity, in the efforts to accomplish which they have been the pioneers of civilized States, it cannot but be a subject of the most profound regret, that any portion of our citizens should be found acting in co-operation with the subjects of other Powers, in opposition to the policy of their own Government; thereby subjecting to suspicion and to the hazard of disgrace the flag of their own country. It is true that this traffic is carried on altogether in foreign ports, and that our own coasts are free from its pollution. But the crime remains the same wherever perpetrated; and there are many circumstances to warrant the belief that some of our citizens are deeply involved in its guilt. The mode and manner of carrying on this trade are clearly and fearlessly set forth in the accompanying documents; and it would seem that a regular system has been adopted for the purpose of thwarting the policy and evading the penalties of our laws. American vessels, with the knowledge, as there are good reasons to believe, of the owners and masters, are *chartered* or rather purchased by notorious slave-dealers in Brazil, aided by English brokers and capitalists, with this intent. The vessel is only nominally chartered at so much per month, while, in truth, it is actually sold, to be delivered on the coast of Africa, the charter party binding the owners, in the mean time, to take on board, *as passengers*, a new crew in Brazil, who, when delivered on the coast, are to navigate her back to the ports of Brazil with her cargo of slaves. Under this agreement, the vessel clears from the United States for some port in Great Britain, where a cargo of merchandize, known as "coast goods" designed especially for the African trade, is purchased, shipped, and consigned, together with the vessel either to the slave dealer himself or to his agents or accomplices in Brazil. On her arrival a crew is put on board *as passengers*, and the vessel and cargo consigned to an equally guilty factor or agent on the coast of Africa, where the unlawful purpose, originally designed, is finally consummated. The merchandize is exchanged for slaves—the vessel is delivered up—her name obliterated, her papers destroyed, her American crew discharged to be provided for by the charterers, and the new or *passenger* crew put in command to carry back its miserable freight to the first contrivers of the voyage, or their *employers* in Brazil.

During the whole progress of this tortuous enterprise it is possible that neither the American crew originally enlisted, nor the *passenger* crew put on board in the Brazilian ports, are aware of the nature of the voyage, and yet it is on these principally, ignorant, if not innocent, that the penalties of the law are inflicted; while the guilty contrivers, the charterers, brokers, owners and masters—in short all who are most deeply concerned in the crime and its rewards, for the most part escape unpunished.

It will be seen from the examinations which have recently taken place at Rio, that the subjects of her Britannic Majesty, as well as our own citizens, are deeply implicated in this inhuman traffic. British factors and agents, while they supply Africa with British fabrics in exchange for slaves, are chiefly instrumental in the abuse of the American flag; and the suggestions contained in the letter of Mr. Wise, (whose judicious and zealous efforts in the matter, cannot be too highly commended,) addressed to Mr. Hamilton, the British Envoy, as to the best mode of suppressing the evil, deserve your most deliberate consideration, as they will receive, I doubt not, that of the British Government.

It is also worthy of consideration whether any other measure than those now existing, are necessary to give greater efficacy to the just and humane policy of our laws, which already provide for the restoration to Africa of slaves captured at sea by American cruisers. From time to time provision has been made by this Government for their comfortable support and maintenance during a limited period after their restoration, and it is much to be regretted that this liberal policy has not been adopted by Great Britain. As it is, it seems to me that the policy it has adopted, is calculated rather to perpetuate than to suppress the trade, by enlisting very large interests in its favor. Merchants and capitalists furnish the means for carrying it on; manufactures for which the negroes are exchanged are the products of her workshops; the slaves, when captured, instead of being returned back to their homes, are transferred to her colonial possessions in the West Indies, and made the means of swelling the amount of their products, by a system of apprenticeship for a term of years, and the officers and crew who capture the vessel, receive on the whole number of slaves so many pounds sterling *per capita*, by way of bounty.

It must be obvious, that while these large interests are enlisted in favor of its continuance, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to suppress the nefarious traffic, and that its results would be in effect but a continuance of the slave trade of another and more cruel form; for it can be but a matter of little difference with the African, whether he is torn from his country and transported to the West Indies, as a slave, in the regular course of the trade, or captured by a cruiser, transported to the same place and made to perform the same labor under the name of an apprentice, which is at present the practical operation of the policy adopted.

It is to be hoped that her Britannic Majesty's Government, will upon a review of all the circumstances stated in these despatches, adopt more efficient measures for the suppression of the trade which she has so long attempted to put down, with, as yet, so little success, and more consonant with the original policy of restoring the captured African to his home.

JOHN TYLER.
Washington, Feb. 19, 1845.

General News.

☞ A Havana correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says:—I believe firmly that the export of sugars for the present year, (1845) from the north side of the island, will reach 650,000 boxes. For five years past, (exclusive of the last, which was a most extraordinary yield) the average crop has been 712,000 boxes, being an excess over the approximate estimate of the coming crop of nine per cent. only. The coffee crop may almost at once be called no crop at all.

☞ The Legislature of Maine lately chartered a company to build a railroad between Portland and Montreal. A conference between the Canadian Board of Trade and the representatives of the Portland Company, has resulted in the final selection of that route, provided the Provincial Parliament and the Queen in council approve. Boston wanted the road to run through Massachusetts.

Rev. Calvin Fairbank.—The Lexington, Ky. Reporter of the 15th inst. says, that this accomplice of Miss Delia Webster was put on his trial on the 13th instant for negro stealing, plead guilty to all the indictments, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court and jury. The jury sentenced him for five years on each of the three indictments—making fifteen years in all.

☞ The schooner Sarah Elizabeth, at Key West from Nassau, picked up a few days ago, in the gulf, the body of an omnibus. It was in good condition, with the exception of a want of wheels, which were immediately rigged on, and the citizens of that island have been amusing themselves by taking a ride to the salt ponds and back.

☞ The daughter of Jepthah Sanborn, a judge of one of the new courts of Iowa, has shot two full grown bears the past winter. The animals came prowling about her father's premises, in the absence of any of the men folks, when Miss S. up with a rifle and shot them. Oh! Jepthah, Judge of Iowa, what a daughter hast thou!

☞ There are eight liquor dealers in the Salem, (Mass.) jail, for refusing to pay their fines, and awaiting the decision of the U. S. Court on the constitutionality of the license law, under which they are fined. The decision is postponed till next winter, so that they have some time to remain where they are.

☞ The number of persons admitted into the New Orleans Charity Hospital for the year 1844, was 5,846, of which 5,055 were males, and 791 females. Of the patients received, 1,316 were natives of the United States, and 4,530 of foreign countries. Of foreigners, 2,317 were from Ireland.

☞ The receipts of the American Colonization Society for January were $2,046, of which $247 were from New Jersey. The receipts of the Society during the year were $23,640, being less than the expenditures by $4,597, which is the balance against the Society.

☞ At the election for Mayor in Boston on Friday week, Mr. Davis was chosen by the following vote: Parker, Whig, 4,376; Davis, Native, 4,872; Scattering 325. Total, 9,573. Davis's majority 171. No choice for Aldermen. This was the eighth trial.

☞ The bill, proposing measures for the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to Cumberland, which has been largely discussed in the House of Delegates of Maryland, was on Friday night week *rejected* by a vote of 41 nays to 33 yeas.

☞ The Jersey Shore, opposite New York, is growing rapidly, with every prospect of being densely populated before many years. The Messrs. Stevens are making great improvements at Hoboken, as the Messrs. Gregory are at Jersey City.

☞ One morning last week the waters of Boston harbor, smiling under the influence of a soft unclouded spring-like sky, presented a cheerful and animated spectacle in the view of twenty-four square rigged vessels beating up the bay.

☞ During the coming summer an active competition will be kept up on the North River and Long Island Sound routes. It is stated that six steamboats, four of them of the largest class, are now building at New York for these routes.

☞ On Sunday, the Mayor of Brooklyn, unaided, arrested a company of firemen who were dragging their engine over the sidewalks while church was being dismissed. He took the engine from them, and sent it away in charge of several citizens.

☞ An express locomotive for the London Herald, over the Paris and Rouen railroad, performed the distance (eighty-two miles) in ninety minutes!—the most extraordinary instance of rapidity, we believe, on record.

☞ The foundry of Adams, Betts & Hogden, in Wilmington, Delaware, which were recently seriously injured by fire, has been thoroughly repaired, and business is again carried on with the same spirit and energy as formerly.

The Morris Canal.—Three thousand men are to be placed on this canal, to enlarge it to a capacity for passing sixty ton boats, as soon as the weather will permit.

☞ Near Alton, Ill., a disease, called "The Cold Plague," prevails with great fatality. It commences with a cold chill, and ends with a horrible death.

☞ A horse thirty-seven years old lately died in Providence. He had been engaged for nearly all that time to draw a hearse at funerals.

☞ A woollen factory, with a capital of $100,000, is about to be organized at Rochester, N. Y.

☞ The total number of free colored persons in the United States, is set down at 386,288.

☞ The Legislature of Virginia has passed an act making Norfolk a "City."

Fires.

GREAT FIRE.

On the 31 of February a most disastrous fire occurred at Ponce, P. R. It consumed every house and vestige of a house from the Custom House eastward. The principal sufferers are Dede & Overman, Calrera, Lacroix & Co., Rocca, Lacotte & Co., Corso, Font & Co., Messrs. Davidson, Pardo, David Hatch, T. Ahrens & Co., and Brandau, with all the poor inhabitants in that quarter. No loss of lives. The amount of property and goods consumed is estimated at about one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars.

☞ A letter from Columbia, South Carolina, to the Charleston Courier, under date of the 10th ultimo, says:—"Last Saturday night, the spacious hotel of Davis Caldwell, was set on fire; and on Sunday morning, the cotton contained in the storehouse of Wm. Law, and the cotton in the store house of David Ewart, were set on fire by some incendiary. It was soon discovered, and extinguished without loss. The agents of the Insurance Company have ceased effecting any insurance for the present. It would seem that some evil disposed person or persons were determined to destroy our beautiful town."

☞ The large three story shop in the rear of Eli Holleway's cabinet warehouse, No. 134 Broad street, was destroyed by fire, last week, with the entire contents, consisting of timber and unfinished work, tools, &c. The building was worth about $1,200, insured for $800 in the Franklin Insurance Company, Philadelphia; and the loss on the stock, &c., was $1,400—insured for $1,000 in the same Company.

☞ The British ship Lord Ashburton, took fire at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 20th ult. She was nearly ready for sea, with 2,600 bales of cotton on board. The ship was scuttled and the fire extinguished, but not until much damage was done, and a considerable portion of the cargo damaged.

☞ On Saturday night a new unfinished three-story brick house, in North Calvert street, Baltimore, was entirely consumed by fire. The house was being built for Mr. G. S. Griffith, by Mr. E. Faulkener, carpenter, who has an insurance of $1,200 in the Franklin Insurance Company of Philadelphia.

☞ The large building occupied as a tannery by A. Loomis, Esq., at Pleasant Valley, Fulton county, N. Y., was entirely destroyed by fire, on Sunday night last. The loss is between five and six thousand dollars. Insurance twelve hundred dollars.

☞ Last Monday night week, the tavern at the railroad depot, in Mechanicsburg, was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by Mr. Geo. Bitner, and owned by Mr. Samuel Meiley.

☞ A church edifice at Winchester, Va., which had been in use nearly a century, and was occupied lately by the Baptists, was consumed by fire, on Friday night week.

☞ There were four fires in Boston, on Friday morning, and one at Roxbury—occurring so nearly together, as to render it probable, they were the work of incendiaries.

☞ The dwelling of the Rev. Robert Wilson, in Berkley County, Va., opposite Williamsport, Md., was consumed by fire on Monday week.

☞ The railroad depot and stationary engine, at Saco, Maine, were destroyed by fire, about 2 o'clock, on Monday morning.

☞ The dwelling and store of E. D. Bassett, Broadway, Frankfort, Ky., was recently destroyed by fire.

Congressional.

In Senate, Wednesday, Feb. 19. The day was chiefly occupied with the Texas debate, Mr. Henderson speaking in favor of the annexation, and Mr. Barrow on the other side.

In the House. The Bill appropriating $20,000 to re-furnish the White House came up, the question being on the re-consideration of a vote by which the Bill had been rejected. It was again lost in that form, but was incorporated in the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

In Senate, Thursday, Feb. 20. The French Spoliations Bill was taken up, Mr. McDuffie addressing the Senate in opposition. The Texas question again came up, Mr. Colquet speaking in favor of the measure, and Mr. Simmons against it. A message in relation to Oregon was received, which will be found in another part of this day's paper.

In the House. A message was received from the President, in relation to the slave trade, which will be found in another part of this paper. A communication in relation to the Mexican indemnity was received from Mr. Shanon, which merely states that no definite conclusion has been received from Mr. Shanon in regard to it. The remainder of the day was spent upon the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

In Senate, Friday, Feb. 21. The Texas debate was continued, Mr. Simmons concluding his speech against the measure, Mr. Merrick speaking in its favor, and Mr. Huntingdon against it.

In the House. The Senate Bill, allowing a drawback on goods exported to New Mexico and several unimportant Bills were passed. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was debated.

In Senate, Saturday, February 22. Mr. Huntington resumed, and concluded his remarks against the admission of Texas; and Mr. Ashley and Mr. Dickenson followed in favor of the measure. A Bill was introduced, and referred to the Committee on Commerce, to continue the Magnetic Telegraph to New York.

In the House. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was finally passed. The following are the most important amendments which were agreed to:

An Appropriation of $8,000 for continuing in operation the Magnetic Telegraph between Washington and Baltimore.

An appropriation of $80,000 for the construction of a fire-proof building for the War and Navy Departments.

An appropriation of $14,000 for furnishing the President's house; also $6,000 for repairing and painting it.

An appropriation of $69,940 for the purchase of books for members of Congress.

For a Custom House at Savannah, Georgia, $70,000.

For the outfit of Foreign Ministers to all the principal foreign Courts, $73,000. This refers to the new Ministers to be appointed under Mr. Polk.

For outfit of a Minister to China, $9,000; for salary, do., $9,000.

The mileage of members, after June 30th, 1845, to be computed in accordance with the most direct mail route to the Capital.

In Senate, Monday, Feb. 24. The West Point Academy Bill was passed, with an amendment, providing for a Board of Visitors. The consideration of the Texas Resolutions was resumed, Mr. Dayton speaking against them.

In the House. The Senate Postage Bill was taken up, and a fierce opposition was made to it, by the Committee on Post Roads; but by a large vote a resolution was passed that when next the Bill is taken up debate shall close in two hours. A motion was made by Mr. Carey, of Maine, to re-consider this vote, and made a long speech against the Bill. Mr. Winthrop moved to lay the vote to re-consider upon the table, and this was carried 102 to 54.

In Senate, Tuesday, Feb. 25, the Texas debate was continued, Mr. Allen and Mr. Berrien speaking upon it.

In the House, the Post Office Bill was taken out of Committee, amended so as to require ten cents for distances over 300 miles. The House adjourned before the amendments were finally acted on.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

February 17, 1845.

Samuel Nelson, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, vice Smith Thompson, deceased.
Joseph Eaches, Bernard Hoe, and Robert Brockett, to be Justices of the Peace, in the County of Alexandria, District of Columbia.
Thomas W. Herndon, of North Carolina, to be Consul of the United States, for the port of Galveston, Texas, vice Duff Green, resigned.
Washington Reed, of North Carolina, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Sagua la Grande, in Cuba, vice P. J. Devine, rejected by the Senate.
Wm. P. Chandler, of Delaware, to be Consul of the United States, at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, vice F. Litchfield deceased.
Oliver B. Hill, to be Receiver of Public Moneys, at New Orleans, vice Thomas Barret, appointed Collector there.
Arthur Bridgeman, to be Register of the Land Office, at Fairfield, Iowa, vice Wm. Ross, deceased.
John S. Horner, to be Register of the Land Office, at Green Bay, Wisconsin.
Elijah H. Gordy, to be Receiver of Public Moneys, at St. Stephens, Alabama.
Edward F. Comegeys, to be Receiver of Public Moneys, at Tuscaloosa, Alabama.
Robert A. Forsyth, to be Register of the Land Office, at Detroit, Michigan.
Lunsford R. Noel, to be Receiver of Public Moneys, at Danville, Illinois.
Wm. Dowsing, to be Register of the Land Office, at Columbus, Mississippi.
Andrew J. Edmonson, to be Register of the Land Office, at Pontotock, Mississippi.
Lewis B. McCarty, to be Register of the Land Office, at Demopolis, Alabama.
David E. Moore, to be Receiver of Public Moneys, at Demopolis, Alabama.
Matthew Gayle, to be Receiver of Public Moneys, at Cahaba, Alabama.
Thomas J. Hodson, to be Register of the Land Office, at Tallahassee, Florida, vice Robert S. Hackley, deceased.
Josiah A. Noonan, to be Deputy Postmaster, at Milwaukie, Wisconsin.
Robert W. Carson, to be Deputy Postmaster, at Galena, Illinois.
Daniel B. Turner, to be Deputy Postmaster, at Huntsville, Alabama, vice George Cox, resigned.

State Legislature.

In Senate, Thursday, Feb. 20. Resolutions were adopted, calling upon the Canal Commissioners for a list of the officers employed upon the public works; and upon the Auditor General, for information relative to Inspectors of Flour, Bark, and Salt Provisions.

In the House. Mr. Dickey offered a resolution, instructing the Committee on the Militia to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Militia law of last session, abolishing Militia trainings, and to give encouragement to volunteers. It was amended so as to require a tax of twenty-five cents from every person liable to military duty, and agreed to. Many petitions, reports, &c., were received and referred.

In Senate, Friday, Feb. 21. The Bill to recharter the Commercial Bank of Philadelphia, passed Committee of the Whole. Among the resolutions introduced was one to discontinue the payment of the postage of members, and one to prevent any County drawing out of the school fund more than 30 per cent. in amount of the tax assessed for such purpose.

In the House. A Bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee to prevent kidnapping in Harrisburg. A report was made from the same Committee against the repeal of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt. A Bill to prevent the payment of members postage was reported by Mr. Connor, and ordered printed.

Saturday, Feb. 22. This being Washington's Birth Day, both Houses met in Convention, to hear the reading of Washington's Farewell Address, after which they adjourned over until Mondy.

In Senate, Monday, Feb. 24. The resolution to amend the Constitution so as to fix the general election on the 1st Tuesday after the 1st Monday in November was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. A great many petitions were received and referred.

In the House. A great many petitions were received. The Senate resolutions relative to the Cumberland Road were debated.

In Senate, Tuesday, Feb. 25. The Bill to give the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company right of way to Pittsburg, was taken up, and Mr. Darsie and others spoke in its favor. It was postponed to give some absent members an opportunity to speak upon it.

In the House. A great many private Bills were disposed of. They were taken up in order, and such as were not objected to, were read and passed. In this way, a plan suggested by Mr. Cooper, numerous Bills are passed in one day.

In Senate, Wednesday, Feb. 26. The Governor has nominated the following Associate Judges:—Bradford County, Reuben Wilbur; Washington County, James Gordon; Mercer County, Thomas Wilson; Butler County, John Duffy and Christian Buhl; Venango, J. Kenear; Erie, John Brawley; Northumberland, John Montgomery.

The Bill in favor of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was further considered.

In the House. The Bill to charter a company to finish the Wisconisco Canal was passed. A resolution, (which passed the Senate also,) was passed, requesting our Representatives to pass the Senate Post Office Bill without delay.

Latest Fashions.

Fashions for February.—Whilst pompadour veloute, pekin satins, and all rich materials in beautiful and lively colors are among the splendid novelties of the season, all lighter materials are preferred for ball dresses: crapes, ombres and embroidered, and other silk materials, as well as organdy, are worn. Yellow is a very fashionable color for crapes. Double and triple skirts are very general: and the montants, which are the trimmings placed on each side the skirt, are very fashionable; beautiful wreaths have been made for this style of feuillage, sparkling with emaux, having the appearance of precious stones.

For carriage and visiting dresses, velvet and satin damas divide favor, in all the varied forms of pelisses, pardessus, robes, redingotes, &c.; they are trimmed with black lace gimp in torsades, in chenille, mixed with bugles, &c.; some are with high bodies and revers, others quite close, others half open; the two fronts uniting, with several rows of lace and gimp purposely made; the sleeves tight, with underone of muslin, and three or four bracelets de fantasie, which are now much worn. Many dresses of the Amazon form button from the throat to the bottom of the skirt, with a small gold or silver chased button. One of the prettiest novelties of the season are the robes a rubans; these ribbons, of pretty tints and fringed, are placed in eight and ten rows on crape or tulle dresses, forming the prettiest trimming possible.

Paletots of velvet, or manteaux Russe have been worn, lined and edged with valuable fur, but the newest in this style is the mantelet etole, of watered silk, lined and wadded, trimmed with a rich dentelle de velours, laid on flat; this mantelet has wide ends, and the pelerine is so full that the folds, which are necessarily formed at the elbow, make a kind of invisible sleeve; it is quite high, encircling the throat, and crosses, closing merely with a single bride and button.

There is but little variation in the shape of bonnets; those now worn vary but in material or color from the autumn ones; those of emerald green, with branch of feuillage, in velvet, are pretty; and also colored satins, entirely covered with black lace. Satins capotes are trimmed with velvet for morning wear; but if of light color, velvet is not used. Coiffures are in endless variety; they mostly form fanchon. Wreaths of gold or silver ribbon placed at the back of the head have a pretty effect; flowers are much used on the little caps termed joune femme. All coiffures of turbans, toques, revilles, &c., are generally worn very forward on the head.—*From the Magazine of Fashion.*

Giddiness or Dizziness of the Head.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the most extraordinary medicines in the world for the cure of giddiness; because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of a determination or rush of blood to the head, giddiness, loss of memory, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the very best medicines in the world for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove all the unpleasant symptoms, and entirely prevent any evil consequences resulting from a rush of blood to the head, but will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

Caution to the Public.—The patrons of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are respectfully informed that I have a box of pills purchased from J. Harwell, Wheeling, which are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase at James Mellor's Variety Store, or at the Office and General Depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 11th to the 24th February.

February 11, received from			
A. P. Holcomb	2 00	F. W. Ewing	2 00
J. H. Allen	6 00	J. D. Bley	2 00
W. H. Ellis	2 00	L. P. Horley	4 00
E. Clement, agt.	18 90	S. Spiker	10 00
I. Rice	5 00	E. Chapin	1 00
E. Joyat	2 00	J. Kellogg, Jr.	1 25
Misses M. & N. Me-		J. S. Kelsey	3 00
Lear	2 00	N. Howell	2 00
R. Kerr	2 00	A. S. Wadsworth	2 00
B. Boyle	2 00	L. W. Perkins	4 00
W. Gibson	2 00	J. H. Ashley	2 00
J. P. Farquhar	2 00	R. B. Smith	2 00
H. Moore	5 00	P. W. Green	5 00
J. Simpson	10 00	L. Morton	2 00
S. Bartlett	2 00		
February 12.			
M. B. Slade	1 25	P. Quigley	2 00
J. P. Bartlett	3 00	J. H. Allen	5 00
Miss D. Pease	2 00	F. K. Pronty	10 00
R. W. Carson	5 00	W. D. Sales	2 00
S. Lamb	4 00	J. B. Russell	2 00
M. N. Thomas	2 00	L. A. Dake	4 00
H. W. Dorsey	2 00	W. C. Acton	2 00
D. H. Mason	2 00	L. P. Truman	5 00
E. Hazen	2 00	J. B. Brown	2 00
February 13.			
W. A. Pierce, agt.	60 00	R. Clinton	2 00
H. M. Bateman	2 00	Dr. C. Baker	2 00
Maj. J. Suydenstriber	2 00	J. Murray	4 00
W. Gatewood	3 00	C. H. Wattson	2 00
R. H. Dudley	2 00	R. D. Staley	4 00
S. Stokes	10 00	E. W. Marshall	2 00
T. H. Howell	2 00	D. A. Barnes	5 00
J. Hoffer	2 00	F. W. Peterson	2 00
February 14.			
J. K. Simon	3 00	W. B. Stevens	2 00
J. Trewig	2 00	H. Edwards	2 00
W. H. Walker	5 00	J. S. Quicksall	4 00
H. Ashford	7 00	B. Black	2 00
J. McDuffie	3 00	Dr. W. F. Hunt	2 00
J. M. Redmond	5 00	J. L. Dunn	2 00
J. Y. Freeman	1 00	R. F. Harper	5 00
A. Pitts	2 00	C. B. Edson	2 00
T. Bradford	2 00		
February 15.			
J. Carey	2 00	O. B. Sprague	2 00
R. B. Reedy	11 00	J. Thomas	3 00
W. L. Hope	1 25	J. Strope	2 00
H. Peterson	2 00	J. J. Dinsmore	10 00
T. Jeanes	2 00	D. Hubbell	2 00
W. G. Heyl	2 00	B. Stiles	2 00
A. S. Lee	2 00	Dr. W. Ballou	8 00
D. Bray	2 00	H. Chester	2 00
T. Bingham	2 00	W. E. Morgan	10 00
J. Hudson	2 00	J. M. Buyers	2 00
J. White	2 00	A. Griffis	2 00
Esther Lower	2 00	E. Furman	7 00
H. D. B. Keim	2 00	S. Evans	2 00
E. Collings	2 00	H. Garton	2 00
E. Barton	3 00	Rev. J. P. McPherson	2 00
S. McKinstry	2 00	R. L. Granger	7 00
February 17.			
T. Walter	2 00	J. B. Welsh	2 00
R. Barker	1 50	J. Kilgour	2 00
B. F. Danforth	1 00	Dr. J. Hancock	2 00
B. S. Lilly	2 00	T. Maxwell	2 00
J. Kugler	10 00	G. Munson	15 00
H. Barkley	2 00	S. W. Collum	6 00
J. Wilson	2 00	A. Michener	10 00
R. Gentry	3 00	G. Middleton	2 00
J. Cleaver	5 00	Dr. J. Hitchcock	2 00
R. E. Randolph	2 00	B. R. Reade	5 00
J. G. Green	1 25	J. L. Gates	2 00
W. H. Morse	2 00	F. R. Harley	2 00
S. Weaver	3 00	J. B. Carles	4 00
February 18.			
S. Smith	2 00	J. W. Bassett	6 00
Job Smith	2 00	W. C. Bell	10 00
W. Wilson	2 00	Dr. T. G. Turner	5 00
Mrs. P. Ogden	2 00	W. M. Bork	1 00
H. Ives	2 00	A. Hannum	2 00
C. S. Skinner	10 00	J. Raunsley	3 60
J. Roberts	2 00	D. P. Greaves	2 00
M. D. Billings	2 00	W. H. Gray	4 00
J. Kemp	2 00	F. D. Browning	2 00
W. Cooper	2 00	H. R. Easton	2 00
A. H. Green	2 00	J. C. Martson	2 00
J. Smith	4 00		
February 19.			
A. R. Chamber	5 00	W. Cooke	2 00
W. G. Wilson	1 60	R. Williams	10 00
A. Woodward	2 00	J. Schooley	2 00
Merrick & Rackliff	2 00	D. Patterson	1 00
J. C. Budd	3 00	F. Malan	1 00
J. Withrou	2 00	T. Bishop	1 50
T. M. Lynch	1 00	J. W. Hayhurst	4 17
R. B. Jones	5 00	J. Hartley	1 00
G. T. Henderson	15 00	M. Morrison	1 00
E. W. Rose, P.M.	7 00	D. White	1 00
C. R. Campbell	2 00	W. T. West	1 00
D. Holcomb	2 00	J. B. Nichol	1 00
R. W. Cochran	2 00	B. W. Carns	4 00
J. P. King	5 00	C. F. Neale	2 00
H. C. Patterson	2 00	J. L. Truitt	5 00
February 20.			
H. Orum	2 00	C. M. Clark	2 00
R. V. C. Johnson	4 00	Dr. T. G. Brown	3 00
T. J. Robinson	5 00	L. B. K. Dicken	2 00
Rev. T. C. Hoffeditz	2 00	D. R. Murphy	2 00
R. Colmery	5 00	J. W. Baugh	2 00
B. F. Gardner	10 00	A. W. Barton	5 00
L. C. Morris	8 75	J. L. Esley	2 00
R. T. Gotteridge	2 00	D. B. Hardin	2 00
W. Robinson	2 00		
February 21.			
M. McKens	1 25	D. Wickersham	2 00
W. E. Rogers	2 00	E. Emmons	2 00
J. B. Parker	2 00	A. Shepler	2 00
T. H. Craig	2 00	A. L. Williamson	2 00
W. Pierce	10 00	A. Towar	2 00
H. B. Farrar	3 00	J. C. Hatch	2 00
C. Blood	1 00	F. Deal	4 00
J. Magee	2 00	J. C. Sheets	2 00
J. G. Reyerson	6 00	J. B. Hardy	4 00
A. B. Tweedy	2 00	A. W. Newman	2 00
J. L. Witten	2 00	R. C. Southgate	5 00
A. B. Botts	5 00	L. R. Reade	2 00
February 22.			
R. W. Jones	10 00	G. Keefer	4 00
M. Forman	4 00	E. Reed	2 00
B. R. Leeds	10 00	T. Slack	2 00
J. Lukens	2 00	J. B. Green	11 00
W. Hosteller	5 00	J. Garrett	2 00
H. Stokes	4 00	J. Barton	2 00
G. W. Swearingen	10 00	A. W. Reed, Jr.	2 00
J. Brooks	2 00	J. W. Adams	5 00
R. Hackenbotham	5 00	F. Black	2 00
A. H. Gladden, P.M.	10 00	B. G. Morris	2 00
L. Baugha	3 00	H. W. Marcy	6 00
W. F. Tarver	9 00	D. Savage	2 00
L. Lee	2 00	J. V. Robertson	2 00
W. D. Slawson	1 00		
February 24.			
Mrs. E. Hazard	1 50	W. Russan	2 00
G. McElister	1 50	E. W. Rose, P.M.	5 60
Dr. P. H. Hamilton	1 00	F. A. Durley	2 00
S. Boughton	2 00	J. C. Harper	10 00
G. Williams	1 50	R. L. Edwards	2 00
J. Blackburn	1 50	G. Holcomb	2 00
C. D. Thomas	3 00	J. A. Blair	2 00
Z. Storrs	5 00	J. Chapman	1 00
J. D. Brothers	1 00	Mrs. M. R. Days	2 00
J. B. Odell	2 00	Capt. W. Smith	1 00
A. Snider	1 00	W. H. Hillman	5 00
D. R. Brown	2 00	P. M. Cilley	3 00
B. Martin	10 00	H. Freedly	1 00
C. G. Eastman	6 00	F. Woolman	1 00
J. E. Hough	1 00	J. Wilson	2 00
B. S. Booth	2 00	B. W. Arnedts	10 00
Capt. J. Roll	2 00	F. Woodward	2 00
J. W. Forber	10 00	Mrs. M. Ruffin	2 00
J. Turbill	2 00	M. A. Merritt	5 00
P. S. Browder	2 00	A. R. Blake	2 00
Dr. F. Goldsmith	2 00	L. C. Thornley	4 00
J. Ankeny	10 00		

HEALTH OFFICE, FEBRUARY 22, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 15th to the 22d February.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Liver,	1	0	Brought over,	35	32
Apoplexy,	3	0	——Typhoid,	2	0
Asphyxia,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Cachexia,	1	0	——Bronchi,	2	9
Casualty,	0	1	——Lungs,	3	5
Croup,	0	5	——Stomach and Bowels,	2	5
Congestion of the Lungs,	0	1	——Breast,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	18	2	——Peritoneum,	0	1
Convulsions,	1	8	——Uterus,	1	0
——Puerperal,	1	0	Intussusception,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	Jaundice,	0	2
——Head,	0	3	Measles,	0	6
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Old Age,	7	0
——Heart,	0	2	Palsy,	1	0
Debility,	0	1	Quinsy,	1	0
Epilepsy,	2	0	Scrofula,	1	0
Erysipelas,	3	0	Small Pox,	0	1
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Still Born,	0	7
Effusion on Brain,	0	2	Suicide,	1	0
Fever,	1	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	5	Unknown,	1	3
——Typhus,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	3
Carried over,	35	32	Total,	132—57	75

Of the above there were 15 from the almshouse, 5 from the country, and 13 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 16,	38	38	38
17,	38	43	46
18,	[illegible]	45	49
19,	36	43	53
20,	39	48	57
21,	54	61	67
22,	52	59	58

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

3350 shares	Wilmington R. R.	21¼a21½
950 do.	Girard Bank,	8¼a8½
325 do.	United States Bank,	5¾a6
125 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	110
100 do.	Reading R. R.	25
100 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	6
18 do.	Commercial Bank,	5½a5¾
62 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	30¼a30½
50 do.	Mechanics Bank,	24¼a24½
50 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	60
30 do.	Kentucky Bank,	72½
25 do.	Louisville Bank,	78
25 do.	Mec. & Man. Bank, Pittsburg,	46½
16 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank, Philada.	23
13 do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	87½
10 do.	Western Bank	48
7 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	108
1 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	254½
$55,000	Penna. 5's, 5d,	73½
$6000	Ches. & Del. Canal Loan, 5d,	66½
$2341	State 6's, 1846, ss	71
$6300	Texas Bonds, 10,	18½
$4000	Texas Bonds, 8,	17½
$5000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	66½
$1500	City Gas 6's, 1861,	114½
$15,000	State 5's, s5wn,	73½
$500	City 5's, 1861,	103½
$40,000	State 5's,	73½

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—The market for quercitron quiet, 1st Nos. held at $21. *Coffee*—For the last three days the demand has been limited, and the only sales we have to notice is a small lot of Rio at 7c on time. *Cotton*—The demand has been pretty fair since the close of last week, but the sales making have been at a slight concession on the highest rates of the last ten days; holders, however, are now firm; we notice 50 bales inferior repacked at 3c; 120 bales uplands ordinary to middling at 5½a6½c; 100 bales Louisiana ordinary to fair at 5½a7c, and 180 bales Florida middling fair to good fair at 6½a7½, all on the usual terms. *Fish*—No changes in mackerel or codfish—a sale of Salt dry salted herring at $3,50 for export. *Fruit*—Raisins are lower; sales of Malaga at $2,70; 500 boxes Sicily oranges at $2,20a2,25. *Flour and Meal*—The market for bread stuffs since our last review has been quite inactive and the sales of flour for export limited to about 1000 bbls; fair brands at $4,25; sales to city dealers at $4,25a4,50 for common to good, and $4,75a5 for extra and fancy brands. Rye Flour—Small sales at $3,12½. Corn Meal—No sales reported; we quote Pa. $2,19a2,25; last sale Brandywine $2,42. *Grain*—No further sales of wheat have transpired, and good and prime reds may be quoted at 90a95c. Rye is worth 66c. Corn is wanted, and southern white and yellow would bring, if here, 41 and 43c. Oats—We quote southern 27a28; Pa. 28a30. *Iron*—Market firm—sales of 100 tons pig at $25a27 on time. *Lead*—The only sale reported is 800 pigs at $3,90 on time—holders are asking $4a4¼, 6 mos. *Molasses* in brisk demand at an advance; sales since last week confined to New Orleans, of which 1000 hhds, tcs and bbls have been sold at 24a24½c, and some at 25c on time; 400 hhds Trinidad and Cienfuegos are held for higher prices. *Naval Stores and Oils*—Not much doing; we notice a sale of linseed at 67c. *Provisions*—Beef and pork dull at former rates. Bacon—Sales of hams at 7a8c; shoulders 4a5c, and sides 5a6c, in pickle and smoked. Lard sells at 7a7½ for western. Butter—We quote kegs 9c; roll 10a12. Cheese 6½a7½. *Rice*—About 200 casks have changed hands at 3½a3¾ on time, and are now held higher; we quote at 3¾a3⅞c. *Salt*—No arrivals. *Seeds*—At the close of last week there was some little inquiry for cloverseed, which has since abated; the principal sales made were at $4a4,12½, although some prime parcels are held at $4,25. Flaxseed dull; last sale 130c. *Sugar*—There has been a good demand for New Orleans, and about 11a1200 hhds have sold on landing at 4¼a5, 4 and 6 months; for common to prime quality, the bulk of the sales ranged from 4¼a5¼c. *Whiskey* is lower; sales of bbls at 19½c; small sale of hhds 21c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—The offering comprised 1000 head of beef cattle, 185 cows and calves, 750 swine, and 1080 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle are dull at $4,50a5,75 per 100 lbs; 400 head were driven to New York. Cows and Calves—Sales of milch cows at $16a26; springers $12 to 16, and dry cows $4 to 7 each. Swine—Sales at $4,50 to 5 per 100 pounds; 159 unsold. Sheep—Sales of sheep at $1,25 to 3,50 each, as in quality. No lambs at market.

Baltimore, Feb. 21.—There were about 300 head offered at the scales during the first part of the week, and sold to city butchers at prices ranging from $4 to 6 nett. Subsequently over 100 head were disposed of at $4a5 nett, according to quality—showing a decline in prices. Those left unsold are still in the market—demand not active. Hogs—We quote live hogs at $4,87½a5 per 100 lbs. They are scarce. Very few dead hogs offering. We quote $4,75a4,87½ per 100 lbs.

Brighton, near Boston, Feb. 17.—At market, 545 beef cattle, and 925 sheep. Prices—Beef Cattle—Extra $5,25 a5,50—first quality $5a5,25; second do. $4,50a4,75; third do. $4a4,50. Sheep—Common from $1,75 to 2,75; wethers from $2,50 to 4,50.

Richmond, Feb. 20.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,75, according to quality. Mutton—3a3c gross; nett 4a6c, according to quality. Hogs—$5 per 100 lbs.

New York, Feb. 24.—At market, 800 beef cattle, 560 from the south, 125 cows and calves, and 1000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—*Are dull of sale at our last week's figures, which we continue.* Left 150. Cows and Calves—Sales at $12a28, with extra at $35. Left over 15. Sheep and Lambs—We quote from $1 50 to 2 50 and $5,00 for extra.

ALMANAC.

March, 1845.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
1 Saturday,	6 25	5 35	7 15	
2 Sunday,	6 24	5 36	8 42	D. H. M.
3 Monday,	6 23	5 37	10 42	
4 Tuesday,	6 21	5 39	11 34	Last 1 5 13
5 Wednesday,	6 20	5 40	12 30	New 8 1 36
6 Thursday,	6 19	5 41	1 15	First 15 8 32
7 Friday,	6 17	5 43	1 54	Full 23 3 18
8 Saturday,	6 16	5 44	2 31	Last 30 12

Married,

At the residence of John Cooper, Esq. on the 25th ult. by the Right Rev. G. W. Doane, D.D., Bishop of New Jersey, Hon. J. Washington Tyson, to Marie Louise, only daughter of the late Joseph W. Hewlings, Esq.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. John McDowell, Jonathan Leedom, Jr. to Sophia D. daughter of the late Thomas Scott.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Neal, Mr. P. R. Schuyler, Jr. of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Alcenia Titlow, of Kensington.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. David S. Ives, of New York city, to Miss Catharine H. Thorn, of Pittsburg.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. William S. Vaux, to Emily, daughter of Frederick Graff, Esq.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. F. Ketchem, Mr. Wm. Wray, of this city, to Miss Margaret Robinson, of New Castle, Del.

On the 16th ult. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, Mr. Emanuel Fisher, of York, Pa. to Miss Virginia Isabella, daughter of the late Henry O'Neill, Esq. of Kensington.

At the Trappe, on the 21st of Feb. by the Rev. A. S. Young, the Rev. Daniel Tritex, of Evansburg, Montgomery county, to Mrs. Sarah Keller, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Abbott, of Philada.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. M. Clark, Mr. Henry Barton, of Lancaster county, to Miss Margaretta L. Simon, of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Edward Wakeman, Esq. of the Northern Liberties, to Mrs. Angeline Harrison, of Spring Garden, daughter of the late Fred. Shear of Southwark.

Died,

On the 26th ultimo, Thomas Fury, in the 2d year of his age.

On Tuesday, 25th ult. William Ryan, about 28 years of age.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 17th ultimo, Mr. David Richards, formerly of this city, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 25th ultimo, Philip, son of Walter and Achsah Naves.

On the 25th ult. James Prosser, son of Stephen H. and Ann Gloucester, aged 11 months.

On the 24th ult. Charles Conde, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 24th ult. Margaret, wife of John Frowert, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Robert A. Gamble, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 25th ult. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. J. Keiler, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Sarah C. daughter of Jos. and Margaret Bailey, aged 5 years and 2 months.

On the 25th ult. Nelson Woodward, son of E. R. and A. M. Burt, aged 2 years and 3 months.

At Sunbury, Pa. on the 22d ult. in her 79th year, Mrs. Deborah Grant, widow of the late Thos. Grant, of that place.

At St. Croix, 14th Jan. last, Wm. J. Willcox, in his 30th year, son of J. M. Willcox, of Del. county, Pa.

On the 22d ultimo, in the 81st year of her age, Mary Lehman.

On the 21st ultimo, Martha R. Robb, aged 6 years, daughter of Alexander and Jane Robb.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. Eliza Shaw, wife of John Shaw, in the 32d year of her age.

On the 22d ult. of consumption, in the 32d year of his age, Richard L. Oat.

On the 20th ultimo, Andrew L. son of the late Jacob Hipple, aged 18 years.

On the 20th ult. Samuel E. Kinsell, in the 55th year of his age.

On the 20th ult. Joseph K. son of George Mitchell, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 20th ult. Mr. Charles Dannenhower, in the 64th year of his age.

On the 20th ult. Mrs. Sarah Clinger, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 21st ult. of croup, Alfred, son of Benj. and Elizabeth Lodor, aged 2 years.

On the 20th ult. Joseph Fenimore, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 20th ult. Samuel, son of Nathan and Sarah A. Haynes, aged 4 months.

On the 20th ultimo, Ann, daughter of Wm. and Sarah Gregory, in the 4th year of her age.

On 6th-day, 21st ultimo, Samuel son of Benj. F. Williams, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 23d ult. of scarlet fever, in the 7th year of her age, Sarah, eldest daughter of Wm. F. and Caroline Potts.

On the 23d ult. Josephine, daughter of Saml. and Jane Adams, aged 4 years.

On the 1st Feb. of apoplexy, on board the U. S. frigate Potomac, on her passage from Kingston, Jamaica, for Port au Prince, Daniel Dunn, late of Philadelphia, aged 32 years.

In New Orleans, of pulmonary consumption, Walter S. Van Deren, Printer, aged about 24 years, a native of New Jersey.

On the 24th ult. after a short and severe illness, Mr. Geo. K. O'Neill, youngest brother of C. B. F. O'Neill, Esq.

On the 21st ult. Alpheus Cooper, in the 54th year of his age, formerly of Chester county, Pa.

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Bank Note List.

Corrected for the U. States Saturday Post
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 35 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, March 1st, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	37 dis
Girard do.	par
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	par
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk, Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	1½ dis
Middleton,	1½ dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	½ dis
Miners' bk, Potts.	½ dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	1a1½ dis
Gettysburg,	1½a1½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½a1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do.
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 do
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	20 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	50 do
All solvent banks,	½a¾
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broke
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Man. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value.*	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	5a6 dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	¾
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	¾
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio notes,	R. R. par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchants' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & bra'h's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phoenix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk of Mill.	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rucker Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	6a7 dis
Small notes,	8a9 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

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Selected Poetry.

ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

There was an old hunter,
 Camp'd down by the rill,
Who fish'd in this water,
 And shot on that hill.
The forest for him had
 No danger, nor gloom,
For all that he wanted
 Was plenty of room!
Says he, "The world's wide,
 There is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
 If not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

He wove his own nets,
 And his shanty was spread,
With the skins he had dress'd
 And stretch'd overhead;
Fresh branches of hemlock
 Made fragrant the floor
For his bed, as he sung,
 When the daylight was o'er,
The world's wide enough,
 There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood,
 If not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

That spring now half-choked
 By the dust of the road,
Under boughs of old maples
 Once limpidly flowed;
By the rock whence it bubbles
 His kettle was hung
Which their sap often fill'd,
 While the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough,
 There is room for us all!
Room enough in the green wood,
 If not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

And still sung the hunter—
 When one gloomy day,
He saw in the forest
 What saddened his lay;
A heavy-wheel'd wagon
 Its black rut had made,
Where fair grew the greensward,
 In the broad forest glade—
"The world's wide enough,
 There is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
 If not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

He whistled to his dog,
 And says he, "We can't stay:
I must shoulder my rifle,
 Up traps, and away."
Next day, 'mid those maples,
 The settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter
 Trudged off, as he sung,
"The world's wide enough,
 There is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood,
 If not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

Agricultural.

THE FARMER IN EUROPE AND IN AMERICA.

Extracted from an Agricultural Address delivered at Worcester, Oct., 1844, by J. S. Sleeper.

If we look abroad among the nations of Europe, we shall see the agricultural population in many countries borne to the earth by oppression—debarred from the enjoyments, which are supposed to belong to civilized society—mere tillers of a soil which they can never hope to own—causing the earth by unremitting labor to bring forth abundance, to increase the bloated wealth of their employers—but without being allowed to participate in the fruits. We shall find them deprived of the benefits of education—ignorant—brutalized, and miserably poor. In the midst of plenty, and surrounded by the ensigns of opulence, they drag out a miserable existence, without a hope of emerging from their gloomy state of servitude. In a word, the agricultural laborers in many of the States of modern Europe, hold no higher rank in the scale of society than the serfs, villeins, and vassals of the Feudal ages.

If we visit the plains of Italy, the northern climes of Muscovy, the interior of Germany—fertile France and Spain, or injured Poland, we shall find that the actual *tillers of the soil* are a degraded class of people, who have no influence with the government—who give no tone to society—but are subjected to the whims and caprices of task-masters—and looked upon as the lowest and poorest class of population.

It was recently stated in a French periodical, that of the thirty-three millions, of which the population of France is composed, twenty millions never wear shoes—taste sugar or eat meat—and four millions are clothed in rags.

In the north of Russia, in the province of Archangel, I have often witnessed the wretched repasts of the peasantry. They fill their birchen buckets from the waters of the Dwina—sprinkle into the pure liquid a few grains of salt—add some crumbs of black barley bread—stir it with a wooden spoon—and their repast—an impromptu soup—is provided!

Even in England, "merrye England," the land of our ancestors, where the study of agriculture is cherished as of the greatest importance, the farm laborer, who supports the throne, and ministers to the luxuries of the purse-proud lord, by the sweat of his brow, is but one degree elevated above the hereditary bondmen of the middle ages. His labor is continued—his privations are many—and his comforts are few. His pathway through life is hardly illumined by a gleam of hope. From the time when he enters on the stage of existence, till the close of his wretched career, his life is one remitting scene of toil—of toil for his daily bread—and it is often the case that the sufferings of the honest and industrious farm laborer and his family, not merely for weeks and months, but for years—for a whole life—are of an intensity which can hardly be imagined in New England, where the tiller of the soil acknowledges no superior—but proudly takes his stand among the noblest of the land.

The farm laborers in some districts in England, driven to desperation, and acting from excited and ill-disciplined feelings, have recently sought to wreak their vengeance on the wealthy and lazy proprietors of the soil, by setting fire to their barns, hay-ricks and outbuildings—and during an investigation, of the incendiary fires in Norfolk and Suffolk Counties, a great mass of evidence was adduced showing the extreme wretchedness of the agricultural population. It appeared that the average price of the labor on a farm, of an able-bodied man, was only from five to six shillings, or one dollar ten to one dollar thirty cents a week—and with this sum he was expected to provide food, clothing and lodging for himself, wife and children.

While Health extends her blessings over himself, and family, he can, with this sum, and constant employment, barely procure the means of prolonging a miserable existence. But when his family are bowed down by sickness—or he is dismissed from his employment, and no longer able to procure even this scanty sum—and in a country, where the poor laws are proverbially harsh and unfeeling—I repeat it, it is impossible for a citizen of this happy country to conceive of the extent of the wretchedness of the poor English farm laborer and his family.

An able article, descriptive of the condition of the English farm laborer, lately appeared in the Liverpool Mercury, an highly respectable English newspaper. "No man," says the writer, "ever hears of a laboring peasant rising into an owner of land. The Feudal system binds them as tightly to the soil as ever they were bound. They are as much serfs and vassals, as in the conqueror's time, with this difference, that when old age disables them, instead of a place below the salt, at their owner's table, they have the work house to retire to. They are the Pariahs of English society."

Mr. Colman, who is now making an agricultural tour in Europe, in the first number of his contemplated work, entitled "European Agriculture," gives a description of the condition of one of the most thrifty and successful farm-laborers, whom he met with in England. He says:

"I visited one laborer's cottage, to which I was carried by the farmer himself, who was desirous of showing me, he said, one of the best examples, within his knowledge, of this condition of life. The house, though very small, was extremely neat and tidy; the Bible lay upon the shelf without an unbroken cobweb over its covers; the man and woman were laborers, greatly esteemed for their good conduct, and had both of them been in the service more than forty years. I asked them if, in the course of that time, they had not been able to lay by some small store of money to make them comfortable in their old age. I could not have surprised them more by any question which I could have proposed. They replied that it had been a constant struggle for them to sustain *themselves*, but any surplus was beyond their reach. I cannot help thinking that the condition is a hard one in which incessant and faithful labor, for so many years, will not enable the frugal and industrious to make some small provision for the period of helplessness and decay, in a country where accumulations of wealth in some hands, growing out of this same labor, is enormous."

Mr. Colman may well say that the condition of the thrifty farm laborer in England is a hard one. And if incessant and faithful labor for forty years will not enable the most frugal and successful cultivators of the soil in Great Britain, to lay up anything to support them during the infirmities and helplessness of old age, what must be the sufferings of the great mass of laboring people in England, who are alike destitute of food, clothing and shelter, and have only their labor to sell, and no man will purchase the commodity!

It has been truly said that in the lowly cottages of the English poor, the loaf of bread is the *food* only of the man, and the LUXURY of his wife and children. And the condition of the rural population in England, is but a fair specimen of the condition of the rural population in other parts of Europe—where woman is frequently seen holding the plough, or performing some of the most laborious and degrading agricultural duties. How different is the condition of the farm laborer in this country.

Here in New England the farmer resides in a land of freedom—under a government which with a jealous eye watches over his property and life, and recognises him as the equal of the wealthiest or proudest man in the land. Here we acknowledge no aristocracy, save the aristocracy of Talent and Virtue. We have no laws of primogeniture, or entailed inheritances—every man is the architect of his own fortune, and also of his *fame*. Here we behold a constant rotation of property, resulting from a free scope to industry and the just laws of our government. Here the farmer is the *owner* of the soil on which he labors, and is in every sense of the word, *independent*—not being burdened with taxes to support an expensive government or an *established church*. He resides in a land where the sound of the Sabbath bell is heard in every village; where the precepts of morality, and the Christian religion, in all its simplicity and purity, are strictly observed; where WOMAN is treated with the respect due to her virtues; is regarded not merely as the sharer of the destinies, but as the guardian of the happiness of man; as the sum of his existence; and exercises in society a purifying and holy influence.

The farmer in New England, if he will compare his condition with the rural population of other countries, or with those of his own countrymen, pursue other occupations, will find cause to congratulate himself on his calling, and to encourage him in his vocation. He cultivates a soil which yields him a rich return for his labors; he toils hard, it is true; but he toils for himself—not for others; in a land, among a people and under a government, where industry and well-directed enterprise are sure to meet their reward. His business is to beautify the country of his forefathers; to till it, and make it fruitful. The hopes of the country are strongly fixed upon his success, and therefore every encouragement is given him, which can operate as a stimulus to exertion.

I have not colored more brightly than the truth will warrant, this picture of the life of a New England farmer; yet it is by no means uncommon to meet with a young man, who, urged by a spirit of enterprise, or rejoicing in the anticipated prospect of living *without labor*—determines to emigrate to the rich soil of the West, where the earth is supposed to bring forth its fruits without manure, and almost without tillage; or to the more distant valleys of the Oregon, that Eldorado, that fabled paradise of imaginative travellers or moon-struck politicians.

And it is not very unusual to hear even a respectable and independent farmer, who indulges in a grasping disposition to be rich in haste, to realize wealth by some shorter mode than the sure and slow process of patient industry, deplore his unhappy fate in being obliged to pursue the dull and laborious occupation of cultivating the earth; to proceed in the same routine, year after year, in planting time and in harvest, without the expectation of ever becoming wealthy, or of being able to retire from business and live upon his income; without labor. Such a man will sometimes declare that his sons shall be brought up to a different employment, and that his daughters shall never become the wives of farmers!

A little reflection and calculation will show the absurdity of such reasoning; and that the indulgence of such a discontented spirit is a manifestation of ingratitude to Providence!

Selected Articles.

THE EMBROIDERESS AT MIDNIGHT

She plies her needle till the lamp
 Is waxing pale and dim;
She hears the watchman's heavy tramp,
 And she must watch like him—
Her hands are dry, her forehead damp,
 Her dark eyes faintly swim.

Look on her work!—here blossom flowers,
 The lily and the rose,
Bright as the gems of summer hours,
 But not to die like those;
Here, fadeless as in Eden's bowers,
 For ever they repose.

Once, maiden, thou wast fresh and fair,
 As those sweet flowers of thine;
Now, shut from sunny light and air,
 How canst thou choose but pine?
Neglected flows thy raven hair,
 Like the uncultured vine.

Look on her work!—no common mind
 Arranged that glowing group—
Wild wreathes the stately roses bind,
 Sweet bells above them droop—
Ye almost see the sportive wind
 Parting the graceful troop!

Look on her work!—but look the more
 On her unwearied heart,
And put aside the chamber door,
 That doth the daughter part
From that dear mother, who before
 Taught her this cunning art.

She sleeps—that mother, sick and pale—
 She sleeps—and little deems,
That she, who doth her features veil
 All day in flitting gleams
Of anxious hope, this hour doth hail,
 But not for happy dreams.

God bless her, in her lone employ,
 And fill those earnest eyes
With visions of the coming joy,
 Waiting the sacrifice,
When they, who gave her this employ,
 Pay her its stinted price!

Think how her trembling hand will clasp
 The treasure it will hold,
With that which seems a greedy grasp—
 Yet not for love of gold;
That look—that sigh's relieving gasp,
 Its deeper springs unfold.

Think how her hasty feet will roam
 The market and the street,
To purchase for her humble home
 The food and clothing mete,
And with what gladness she will come
 Back to the poor retreat.

Poor maiden! if the fair ones who
 Thy graceful 'broidery buy,
Only *one-half* thy struggles knew
 And filial piety,
Methinks some drop of pity's dew
 Would gem the proudest eye!

It is not here, its full reward
 Thy gentle heart will prove,
Here ever must thy lot be hard;
 But there is One above
Who sees, and will not disregard,
 Thy consecrated love.

FROM PUNCH'S SNAPDRAGONS.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

(*As seen through an Old Bachelor's Spectacles.*)

"Christmas, sir," said Mr. Guffyn to his clubhouse crony, Mr. Thorobuff, "in my opinion, is a great deal too long. Why not keep Christmas-day and have done with it? What occasion is there for keeping Twelfth-night? Is there anything particular in Number Twelve, sir? Sir, if there is any number preferable to others, I say it is Number One."

"I was once at a Twelfth-Night party—more fool I. It cost me sixpence, sir, for I had to go all the way from my chambers in Gray's Inn to Pentonville; and, sir, it also cost me an attack of rheumatism, for the pavement was damp, and I waited five minutes for the omnibus.

"The party was at my brother-in-law Lovejoy's. I went expecting a quiet rubber, of course. Instead of that, sir, when I got there, I found myself among a room full of minxes and puppies. I couldn't turn, sir, without getting entangled in muslin, or crushing some jack-a-dandy's toes. Yes, sir, some conceited blockhead in his jemmyjessamy white waistcoat and japanned Wellingtons. What was worse, sir, there was a whole nursery of children. Ugh! gabble, gabble; chatter, chatter; cackle, cackle. The noise was intolerable, sir. I might as well have been in Bedlam; quite as well, sir, quite.

"One whipper-snapper coxcomb, surveyed me through his eye-glass from top to toe, and then turned his head away—grinning. I heard one of them say, 'Twig his gaiters;' that was his expression, sir; and another made an impertinent remark on my shoes. Would he have had me torture my feet in his own Frenchified fashion? the jackanapes!

"Greatly disgusted, sir, I pushed my way into a corner. I had scarcely sat down, when my two silly nieces, Clara and Matilda, came giggling, and asked me to stand up. I desired to know what they meant, sir; it was to dance, sir; actually to dance: think of that! I asked them if they were mad, or thought me so. Would you believe it, sir, they had the audacity to seize me by the coat, which they nearly tore, and to try to drag me into the middle of the room. It's a fact, sir. I was under the necessity, sir, of disengaging myself by main force.

"Then, sir, they formed what they called 'a set.' A set indeed—of simpletons. This set, sir, you are to understand was a species of jig. You had a silly girl, sir, hammering away at the piano, the same tune a quarter of an hour, at least, without cessation; and all that while, the rest, equally silly, kicking their heels to it. This insane exhibition, I believe, was termed the 'Lancers,' with which regiment it had as much to do as my snuff-box. The next set, or whatever they called it, had the equally unmeaning title of the 'Pastorale.' I saw Lovejoy himself, in the course of it, capering away singly in the middle of the room, the other looking on. It quite altered my opinion of him, sir; and I had always thought him a sensible man. My sister too, indulged in a similar folly. Now, sir, she is upward of forty, and very stout. I never saw any one more conspicuously ridiculous in my life, sir.

"I don't know whether or not you are troubled with corns, sir, but if you are, and wish to have them trodden on, I recommend you to go to a quadrille party. There was I, obliged to stand bolt upright against the wall, like a sentry, lest this accident should occur. It did occur, nevertheless, more than once, sir. I said accident, sir, but I believe it was done on purpose.

"At last came supper. There, sir, perhaps, you think I enjoyed a little quiet; if you do, you are mistaken, sir. I was pestered by two stupid old women, between whom I had the misfortune to sit. They both affected the girl, and tried to make me talk nonsense to them; but I answered each, simply, 'Yes, Ma'am,' and 'No, Ma'am.' I obtained nothing to eat, *sir*, but the back of a chicken; the leg I never touch: and the ladies monopolized the breasts and wings: in fact, sir, there was little of anything to eat but pastry and trash, though more than enough of that.

"In the centre of the table stood a huge cake, incased in a white crust, principally chalk, and studded with gimcracks, probably poisonous; lumps of this indigestible stuff, which nearly made me bilious to look at it, were handed about; and the children were crammed with it, I suppose, to make them ill. The uproar, in the mean time, was distracting; and to aggravate it and annoy myself, (personally, I take it,) the simpletons of both sexes kept pulling Waterloo crackers, endangering their own and other people's eyes. Then, sir, came the buffoonery of drawing characters. One of the foolish women I sat by must needs draw one for me. It was 'Christopher Crosspatch,' or some such absurd name; and she attempted to take the liberty of pinning it to my coat. After supper, young and old, all fools alike, joined in that senseless amusement, 'Blind-man's Buff.' When they were tired of that, you may suppose they had had enough. Not at all, sir. The more youthful of the lunatics went to 'Hunt the Slipper;' a pastime equally irrational. The next tom-foolery, sir, was that extravagant, noisy, and nonsensical sport, 'Snapdragon;' at which, I am happy to say, several little goblins burnt their fingers. The follies of the evening were crowned by a downright romp; in the course of which, sir, some grossly indecorous conduct took place, under a misletoe bough. An impertinence of the kind I allude to was offered to me, but, sir, I repelled it in such a way, that it was not repeated.

"Some people call this kind of thing 'innocent mirth.' I say it is idle merriment. I should tell you, sir, that, on returning home, I found a paper pigtail under my collar. I wish I knew who presumed to place it there. 'Innocent mirth!' Bah! I wish it would give other people the headache it gave me. This is the first time I was ever in the way of innocent mirth, and, sir, you may depend it will be the last. No, sir, I have once been to a Twelfth-Night party—catch me there again!"

FESTIVAL IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

The Utica Daily Gazette gives the following account of a fair held on St. Valentine's Day at the State Lunatic Asylum in Utica. It is the second of the kind which has been held there:

"The entire hall, which is over 200 feet in length, was this year decorated in the most tasteful manner with evergreens and rosettes. The scene, upon entering, strikingly represents the pantomimic representations of a fair which are given upon the stage. The visitors congregated about the tables in the lower portion of the hall, seemed entirely absorbed in the business of inspecting and purchasing; what little noise was made being, lost in the distance. We were struck at the other Fair with the peculiar stillness which prevailed, notwithstanding the presence of several hundred persons, who at least made all the motions of talking. The voice is either involuntarily subdued in such a place, from an impression like that upon entering a sick room, or the sound is deadened by the construction of the hall.

"The tables were covered with a profusion of articles, useful, fanciful and fantastical, all the work of the patients. The Superintendent has lately introduced a new employment into the institution, peculiarly adapted to the genius of the inmates. A whittling school has been established, and one of the tables was devoted to the specimens of this Yankee art. We doubt whether the most valuable collection of statuary would have produced as general admiration. In addition to the carved semblance of all ordinary things, such as houses, temples, ships, chains, &c., and all four-footed, two-legged and creeping things, there were many works of pure imagination, presenting strongly marked characteristics of the asylum school. We noticed one effigy, intended by the artist for a representation of a fellow patient, that we should prefer to have elsewhere than in our sleeping room. The masters of this art evinced their rationality or irrationality by affixing the most moderate prices to their productions.

"The attention of the younger portion of the visitors was divided between the rag babies and the cake table, which latter partook of the eccentric disposition of the place and presented edible things in forms not deemed tempting since the days of Adam and Eve. Gingerbread anacondas lay waiting to be swallowed, and other monstrous serpents coiled themselves into cake baskets. The Post Office partook of the plethora which affected that department in the outer world on that day, with perhaps no greater difference in the quality of the effusions; if anything, we should think those of the Asylum would have the advantage.

'Great wits to madmen, sure, are near allied,'

probably much more nearly than small wits, which is all that many Valentine writers would claim to be.

"We can mention but few of the great variety of articles displayed. It was a work of several hours to inspect them. The useful articles showed that the unimpaired faculties of the patients were turned to a good account. The fanciful displayed no ordinary degree of taste, and frequently the possession of superior accomplishments in their makers. The fantasticals are of course beyond description. There was a representation of Queen Victoria and her spouse, which would have exacted commiseration from the sternest republican. The Prince seemed intended as the personification of a hen-peck, his hair torn out, and by a happy association of ideas about apron strings, his visual organs were made of those eyes, which are mates to hooks.

"As a whole, we think this fair exceeded the one of last year, in variety and interest. The preparations for it engrossed the attention of those engaged upon them for several weeks, and we were pleased to learn with the same beneficial consequences which attended the former one. Several permanent cures have been effected through its instrumentality. These glimpses at the occupation and amusements of the Asylum must lead many to regard a residence within its walls as anything but disagreeable, and dissipate entirely those prejudices which frequently prevent the friends of the afflicted from immediately placing them in the only place where a cure is likely to be effected."

LETTERS OF THE DEAD.

TO LIVIA.

How few the moons since last, immersed
 In thoughts of fev'rish, worldly care,
My casket's heap'd contents reversed,
 I sought some scroll I wanted there;
How died at once abstraction's air—
 How fix'd my frame, as by a spell,
When on thy lines, so slight, so fair,
 My hurrying glance arrested fell!

My soul that instant saw thee far
 Sat in thy crown of bridal flowers,
And with Another watch the star,
 We watched in vanished vesper hours.
And as I paced the lonely room,
 I wonder'd how that holy ray
Could with its light a world illume
 So fill'd with falsehood and decay.

Once more—above those slender lines
 I bend me with suspended breath—
The hand that traced them now reclines
 Clasp'd in th' unclosing hand of Death.
The worm hath made that brow its own
 Where Love his wreath so lately set,
And in this heart survive alone
 Forgiveness—pity—and regret.

'Twas 'mid the theatre's gay throng—
 Life's loveliest colors round me spread—
That mid the pauses of a song,
 I caught the careless "*She is dead!*"
The gaudy crowd—thy sudden grave—
 I shrank in that contrasting shock,
Like midnight listener by the wave,
 When splits some bark upon the rock.

This EARLY DEATH—within its pale
 Sad air each angry feeling fades—
As evening base, whose tender veil
 The landscape's harsher features shades.
Ah, Scornful One—thy bier's white hue
 Stole every earth-stain from thy cheek,
And left thee all to Memory's view
 That HOPE once dared in thee to seek.

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.—It is a great misfortune that people so commonly amuse themselves with idle and imaginary schemes, saying how they would behave, and what they would do, were they in such or such a situation. They would be very good and very exemplary were they very great, very learned, very wealthy, very retired, very old, and the like. But they neglect the gift which is in them, and the work which is appointed for them, while they are thinking of which is not. Alas! that men's thoughts should be so taken up with dreams and reveries, how they would manage were they in another station, while the chief wisdom of life consists in the assiduous discharge of those duties which belong to their own proper calling.—*Tucker.*

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

THE MARTYR.

BY H. J. BRADLEY.

He stands amidst a menial throng—
He wears the fetter and the thong—
His limbs are bound—his lot is cast—
His dying hour approaches fast—
But yet his soul, his thoughts are free,
Superior to his destiny.
Oh! grievous 'tis to see him die,
Yet in his proud, unquailing eye,
We read a soul which scorns to fear—
A fortitude which knows no tear.
The flames arise, and hark the shout—
 The yell of triumph o'er his knell!
It comes from that unfeeling rout
 As might a demon's cry from hell—
To mark a demon's wild delight,
O'er some new victim to his might.

The flames mount up—he struggles now
 To hide the pangs which rock his frame,
The sweat drops start upon his brow,
 Yet sudden dry amid the flame—
And still he uttereth no cry—
 His noble spirit spurns its clay,
And eager waits its time to fly
 To realms of joy and bliss away.
Yet nature claims her boon—one groan,
One bitter, mournful, heart-wrung moan
Bursts from the sufferer—'tis past,
The fiercest pang was e'en the last,
And happy, ere the shout which rose
That moment from his sated foes
Was hushed—his soul far from this clod
Stood in the presence of its God.

ELLICOTT'S MILLS.

A Frenchman, looking for Ellicott's Mills, near Baltimore, blundered to Ellicott's wharf, in the city. The poor fellow, getting to the head of the wharf stared round, and, seeing no mills, wished to inquire for them, but could not recollect Ellicott's name. He recollected, indeed, that it sounded like the English word for *habit*, coat, but what the English was, he could not, with all the scratchings of pate, call to mind. In this state of perplexity, he skipped up to a sailor, and after bowing and scraping, with that extravagant civility which never forsakes a Frenchman, especially when in a puzzle, the following dialogue took place between them:

"Hoos do, sair?"

"How are you, my hearty?"

(Taking hold of the sailor's round-about jacket.) "Is you do me de complemong tell me vot is dat?"

"Why, what the dickens should it be? That's a jacket, to be sure."

"Will you hounair me for to tell me is he note de playe vot he live dat have von name dat hees no jahkayte, but hoes like von jaykate?"

"My eyes! what d'ye mean by your no jacky, Munchee? Hey!"

"Pardong—I mean—Ha! ha! Pardong—I mean who is he vot keepe de playe for maykee de floo? Vot go whurr, whurr, whur!" (making rapid circles with his hand.)

"Smoke me if I know anything at all of what you'd be at with your floo, hey?"

(Irritated.) "Quel bete! You do not know de plays of de floo? De plays of de floo be de plays vot for make de plahsh, plahsh, plahsh—(the sailor shakes his head)—Mille tonneres! Nous not no notting! Vot de vortaries com, and he whurr, whurr, whurr—den he go plahsh, plahsh, plahsh. Vot you col heem—(grasping the jacket again, and impatiently)—ven hee von gralind jahkayte?"

"Do you mean a monkey jacket?"

"Monkey! Dable!—(with great vehemence and rapidity)—Nong, nong, ah nong, Monsieur. No monkey jahkayte—jahkayte long—jahkayte grande—vot you col dat?"

"I'll be blowed if I know what you'd be arter; for I never seed a jacket that went whurr, whurr, plahsh, plahsh—no, nor a coat neither."

(With a grin of delignt.) "Aha! ha! ha!—Oui, oui!—Cote—la cote—a la cote! Is hee not the playe vot love Meestair—Meestair—"

Here the Frenchman's countenance became again disturbed; he had forgotten the name once more, and extremely discomposed, asked:

"Vot you say den?"

"Why, confound the fellow, he's been talking about Ellicott's all this time—(comprehending the Frenchman's blunder)—go to that store; there you'll find Mr. Ellicott."

(Bowing.) "Oui, Monsieur, bien obliged. Mille remerciemens. Je shawl note forgait."

And away he goes into the neighboring store, exclaiming all the way, so as not to lose the hardly gained name—"Mees trahlacota, ahla-cote—Mees trahlacote!" Leaving the sailor in a roar of laughter at what had taken place, and the conclusion which must soon arise from the Frenchman's discovery, that he is yet not more than thirteen miles from the mills of his friend, "*Mees trahlacote.*"

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow! To-morrow!
How sickness and sorrow
Will too surely follow
 The dawning of day.
Some will be dying here
Some will be sighing here,
Some will be crying here,
 For friends far away!
Fathers and mothers, too,
Sisters and brothers, too,
Husbands and lovers, too,
 Will long rue the day.
For riches are fleeting here
Happiness seldom here,
Death, too, is ever near,
 While all appears gay.

A GREAT PUMPKIN STORY.

At this season, the newspapers abound in paragraphs chronicling the existence of monstrous apples, enormous beets, mammoth squashes and pumpkins, approaching in size to young mountains. Some of these accounts seem almost incredible—but none that we have seen are hardly marvellous as a description of a pumpkin, which grew on the Swam Cot River, in New Hampshire, and which was related to us by a gentleman of undoubted veracity.

A farmer accidentally dropped a pumpkin seed on some rich alluvial land on the bank of the river, and a few weeks after, he was surprised to find an enormous vine growing there, with leaves as large as a dining table, and stem as large around as a hoe handle. He did not visit the spot again until September, when he found that the pumpkin vine had increased amazingly, and had extended across the river, (which was about twenty rods wide in this place) and was lost in an alder swamp. He remarked that it was mighty strange, and thought no more of it until the following spring, when he crossed the river on the pumpkin vine, and found, surrounded with bushes, a pumpkin of monstrous size, indeed! He gazed upon it with astonishment, and soon heard strange sounds, which seemed from the very heat of this enormous vegetable. Being rather a timid man, he hastened to some of his neighbors, told them the awful story and requested their assistance. They armed themselves with axes, clubs, and pitchforks, and accompanied him to the spot. The most appalling noises seemed to issue from the entrails of the pumpkin. But being resolute men, they resolved to fathom the mystery, and forthwith assaulted, and after fifteen minutes hard labor, cut open the pumpkin, when out bolted a monstrous sow, followed by her offspring, consisting of nine beautiful pigs, about six weeks old. It appears that the farmer had missed the sow (then a poor, puny creature) in the fall, and after much search, had given her up for lost. Subsequent events, however, proved that she had crossed the river at that time on the pumpkin vine, and had eaten into the pumpkin, which furnished her with a habitation and food, and her little ones, too, until she was so unceremoniously turned out of house and home.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

LOST CHILD.

A friend of ours, with his little son, between five and six years of age, was on a visit, last fall, to a friend in the country. In the course of the day the alarm was given that one of the host's children had strayed into the woods and was lost. All turned out—our friend and his little boy among the rest—and, after some search, the young *stray* was found. The parents were delighted—our friend, also; but, on looking for his own urchin, it was discovered that *he* was lost—had been left behind in the forest. A second search took place, but this time with no success. Hour after hour flew by—mile after mile was traversed—echo repeated the calls of anxious voices and the discharges of signal pieces—but evening came on, and all had been in vain. At length one of the party, who had climbed an eminence, saw, through an opening in the dusky distance, the little wanderer seated upon a log. On nearing him, the seeker was struck by the apparent calm and unconcern of the little fellow. He held in his hand a stick, with which he occasionally tapped the prostrate tree, knocking the bark off, and ever and anon, he used his tiny voice—not straining his lungs, either, calling out, '*lost child!*'

This *sans souci* mode of advertising his condition amused the friend in search, and after watching some time, and hearing the cry of "*lost child*" repeated, he approached. The young philosopher appeared to take his rescue as a matter of course, and being asked if he had not been afraid, he replied:

"Oh, no, I knew that Pa or some one would find me."

"Well, but suppose that you had not been found to-night?"

"Why, then, I had gathered up the leaves, and I could have slept close to the log."

"But you would have been all alone in the forest."

"Yes, but God would have taken care of me."

We have only to observe, that the child will make a true man if Heaven spares him to the world.—*St. Louis Republic.*

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.

As we were passing by the Court-house where an election had been going on, a "real screamer from the nobs," about six feet six inches high, sprang out of the crowd, and uttered the following harangue:

"This *is me*; and no mistake! Billy Earthquake, Esquaire, commonly called little Billy, all the way from the big North fork of the Muddy Run! I'm a small specimen as you see—a remote circumstance—a mere yearling, but I'm of the tree imported breed, and can whip any man in this section of the country! Wh-o-op! Won't nobody come out and fight me? Come out some one o' you, and die decently, for I'm spiling for a fight! I han't had one for more than a week, and if you don't come out, I'm fly-blowed before sundown to a certainty! so come up to taw!

"Maybe you don't know who little Bill is? I'll tell you; I am a poor man, it's a fact—and feel like a wet dog; but I can't be run over! I'm the identical individual that grinned a menagerie out of countenance, and made the ribbed nose babboon hang down his head and blush. Whoop! I'm the chap that towed the broad horn flat boat up salt river, where the snags were so thick that a fish couldn't swim without rubbing the scales off! Facts, and if any body doubts it, just let them make their will! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Maybe you never heard of the time the horse kicked me and put both of his hips out of jint! if it ain't true, cut me up for cat-fish bait. I'm the very infant that refused it's mother's milk before it's eyes were open, and called out for a bottle of white eye whiskey! Who-o-o-p hoo-ey! Wake snakes and come at me! Perhaps, too, you never heard tell of a youth that tried to look loving at a gal, and threw her into spasmodics, and she's a roaring, raving mainyac to this day. Whoop, I'm that little Cupid! Talk about grinning bark off a tree! tain't nothing; one *squint* of mine, at a bull's heel, would blister it! Oh, I'm one of your toughest sort—live forever, and turn to a white oak post. Look at me! (said he, slapping his hands on his thighs with the report of a pistol.) I'm the *genewine* article—*a real double acting engine.* I'm the lowcommotion that pushed the bull off the bridge—and I can out run, out jump, out swim, out talk, out eat, chaw more tobacco and spit less, drink more whiskey and keep sober, than any other man in these localities! D—n it, if that don't make 'em fight, nothing will. I wish I may be kiln-dried, and split up into wooden shoepegs, if I believe there's a chap among 'em, that's got courage enough to collar a hen! Whoop-hoo-ey! Well, (said Bill, walking off in disgust,) I'll go home and have another *settlement* with Joe Sykes. He's a bad chance for a fight, seeing as how he's got but one eye left to gouge at, and underbit out of both ears, but, poor fellow, he's mighty willing to do his best, and will stay a body's appetite till next shooting match."—[Exit Little Billy, grumbling.

The Olio.

THE MEN OF OLD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Let us sing of the Past, though Time be o'ercast
 With the shadow that ages wear!
Still, the mirth that is known, when compared with our own,
 Should teach us to fly from care!
Our fathers were gay as the sunniest day,
 As chroniclers oft have told;
And many a feat and merry conceit
 Are sung of the men of old!

In palace or cot 'twas the same, I wot,
 Content with the favor'd guest,
While love with its smile would the heart beguile,
 And win it away to rest!
And firm was the clasp of a friendly grasp
 For manly they were and bold;
And scorn'd the ill deed of a worldling's creed,
 The true-hearted men of old!

THE HONEST INDIAN.—An Indian being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why, he give it to you and it is your own now; the good man say, that's not right, tobacco is yours not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me, and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

CHINESE INVITATION TO A MARRIAGE FEAST.—In Capt. Piddle's olio, we find a copy of a circular, inviting the late Dr. Morrison to a wedding as follows: "To the Great Head of Literature, venerable Fitzborn, at his table of study. On the 8th day of the present moon, your younger brother is to be married. On the 7th, having cleansed his cups, he will pour out wine; on which day he will presume to draw to his lowly abode the carriage of his friend. With him he will enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and receive from him instruction for the well regulating of the feast. To this he solicits the brilliant presence of his elder brother; and the elevation to which the influence of his glory will assist him to rise, who can conceive? From Ho Kow, born in the evening, and who, bowing to the ground, sends this delicious and soothing letter. Taou, Kwang, 1st day, 7th moon, 16th year, 1836."

THE PROVINCE OF WOMAN.

BY HANNAH MOORE.

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expose abroad its languid colors fly,
Its form decays and all its odors die.
 So woman, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
With softness polish, and with virtue warm:
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but heaven's applauses and her own;
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart.

ON ONE OCCASION General Washington invited a number of his fellow officers to dine with him. While at table one of them uttered an oath. The General dropped his knife and fork in a moment, and in his deep under tone, and characteristic dignity and deliberation, said, "*I thought we all considered ourselves to be gentlemen.*" He then resumed his knife and fork, and went on as before. The remark struck like an electric shock, and, as he intended, did execution, as his remarks, in such cases, were very apt to do. No person swore at the table after that. And after dinner, the officer referred to, remarked to his companion, that if the General had struck him over the head with his sword, he could have borne it; but the home thrust which he gave him was too much. It was too much *for a gentleman.*

THE FOLLOWING, which is rather rich, is said to have occurred in one of the colleges in the interior of Georgia.

1st Student—"Good morning, father Abraham."

Farmer—"I am not father Abraham."

2d Student—"No; it's father Isaac."

Farmer—"Nor am I father Isaac."

3d Student—"Well, then, you are father Jacob."

Farmer—"No, nor father Jacob, either."

1st Student—"Well, who are you, then?"

Farmer—"I am Saul, the son of Kish, whom his father sent to hunt the asses, and I have found *three* of 'them!'"

WOMEN *vs.* DOGS.—A late traveller in Belgium speaks highly of the beauty of the women, but complains of the ugliness of their dogs. If his account be true they must be sad dogs, indeed—not fit to bark in the presence of Sir Oracle. They look, he says, like exaggerated ladies' pugs, with long, lank, sinewy limbs, and bony bodies of the old unshapely race of Irish swine. Every dog of them bears the mark of premature old age on his wrinkled brow and pursed mouth. They appear pensive, melancholy, and evidently carry a load of misery on their minds, in order to balance the wretchedness of their bodies.

IF A MAN will but glance over his yesterday, he will at once see how foolish it is to fret one's self about the time to come; for he will find in every yesterday, a miniature grave, as it were, dug by too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness. Men slight the good they have, in the anxiety for the good to come. They waste their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that He who replenishes the cruse is inexhaustible.

TO LOVE, TO WOO, TO WED.

When blossoms are upon the tree
 And budding leaves begin t' appear—
And limpid springs, from bondage free,
 With gentle gush assail the ear—
And beauty glows, around, above—
 Oh! is that not a time to love?

When birds upon the dewy spray
 Their carols to the twilight raise,
And Nature in her green array
 The brightest of her charms displays—
And love hath done all he can do—
 Oh! is it not a time to woo?

When flowers exhale their sweet perfume,
 And gem the earth, as stars the sky—
And youth hath reached his ripest bloom,
 And lives but in his lady's eye—
And from his heart all rest hath fled—
 Oh! is not that the time to wed?

GAIETY.—There are two different kinds of gaiety; the one that arises from the want of heart, being touched with no pity, sympathizing with no pain, even of its own causing, it shines and glitters like a frost bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from an excess of heart; that is, from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all men and all things; and, suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from happiness which it causes—from happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling under the sun of summer; and running on to give fertility and increase to all within and to many beyond its reach.

YOUTH.—Youth is a flowing stream, on whose current the shadow may rest but not remain; sunshine is natural to its glad waters, and the flower will spring up on its banks, despite the wintry storm and chilling wind. A year in youth is like a month in spring; it is wonderful to observe the rapid alteration that is brought by the genial and vivifying influence of these few fleeting days: the germ expands into a leaf and the bud into a flower, almost before we have marked the change.

SCRUPULOUS POLITENESS.—As the Rev. Mr. M——— was one day walking out, he passed two little lads, one of whom made a very manly bow. As he turned his back upon them, he heard the following very amusing conversation. "Why, John, didn't you know that man was Parson M———, our minister?" "Yes, of course I did." "Well, then, why did you not make a bow to him?" "Why? *My mother don't go to that meeting.*"

HOME.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,
 Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many a gem,
 With his blue curling waves.
Yet not within her bosom dark,
 Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lives there a treasure equalling
 A world of love at home.

OTHER MEN'S ACTIONS.—There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands: either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things so succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing, is a treble wrong—to myself, the action, and the author.—*Bishop Hall.*

CURIOUS.—"I tell you that economy is a virtue," said one of the "Society for the Relief of the Poor," to a shock-headed man that applied for relief. "I know it, sir." "Why don't you practice it then. You buy your beef by the pound. Why not *lay in* all that kind of food, and your coal also?" "Lay in my coal! Well, I don't have much of it. At any rate, I prefer sleeping in bed with my wife, sir."—*Noah's Messenger.*

PRETTY SENTIMENT.—The memories of childhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed play-fellow, the ancient church and school-house, in all their green and hallowed associations come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

WHAT IS LAW LIKE.—Law is like a country dance, people are let up and down it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many uncommon cases in it. It is like physic too—they who take the least of it are the best off. Law is like a new fashion—people are bewitched to get into it; and like bad weather—most people are glad to get out of it.

THE MICROSCOPE.—The New York Mirror says:—"A learned friend informed us, yesterday, that a lately discovered Syriac Poem, written in the fourteenth century, showed that the existence of animalculæ was known at that time, and consequently that the invention of the microscope cannot be so recent as is supposed."

A FLOTILLA.—"Oh, ma! ma!" exclaimed a little girl, the other day, "come here and see this lady with a flotilla on!" "A *mantilla*, you mean, my dear." "Yes, ma! and she has got marrow bone feathers in her hat." "*Marabou*," my child."

A WITTY FELLOW once was ask'd,
 "Pray where d'ye take your tea?"
"My friend, where else do you suppose,
 But to my *mouth*," said he.

A FACT.—It is the man that makes the most noise, that secures the attention of the world. A silent elephant may remain unobserved amid the foliage of the wood; but a croaking bullfrog is sure to atract attention in the darkest night.

DIFFERENT RECKONINGS.—According to the modern Jews, we are now in the year of the world 5604; the church of England considers it to be 5848; the church of Rome makes the world to be 7044 years old, and the Septuagent 7322 years.

QUARRELS.—In most quarrels there is fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, no fire will follow.—*South.*

THE PARENT who punishes his children for doing evil, while he sets them a bad example, is like the rider who continually spurs his horse forward, while he holds him back by the reins.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—A lady had a duck, which hearing it was to be killed for dinner, walked into the garden and deliberately stuffed itself with sage and onions.

POLITENESS costs nothing, it is said; but politeness cost the Philistines a great deal, when Samson *made his best bow* between the pillars of their temple.—*Uncle Sam.*

ACCORDING to the late census, the population of Great Britain is 18,655,981—exclusive of Ireland. The number actively employed, 6,851,041.

LET NO MAN ever expect to prosper in his life, or gain the respect and esteem on others, without an undeviating course of integrity and virtue.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A young lady down East, instead of broiling a beef steak, hauled her lover over the coals. Such a thing is *rarely done.*

WOMEN with all their reputed fickleness are the bright constellations that light the path of man through this curious existence.

Our Scrap Book.

☞ Some person whom Quinn had offended met him one day in the street and stopped him. "Mr. Quinn," said he, "I—I—I understand, sir, you have been taking away my name!" "What have I said, sir?" "You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!" "Keep your name," replied Quinn, and walked on.

☞ "Mother, how many horses do they have in Congress, and is the table in the Senate a large one?" "I do not exactly understand you, my child." "Why father often reads about the number of *neighs* given." "Betsey, Clara wants to go into the play ground."

☞ An old lady, not a thousand miles off, was recently asked by a clergyman, to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," said she, "and I don't care any thing about yer nominations—for my part, I hold on to the old meeting house."

☞ A fire happening at a public house, one of the crowd requested the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "because I have a long score upon it, which I shall never be able to pay."

☞ "Mother, why does Pa call you honey?" "Because, my dear, he loves me." "No, Ma, that isn't it." "It isn't. What is it then?" "I know." "Well, what is it?" "Why, it's because you have so much *comb* in your head —that's why."

☞ "I don't know where that boy got his temper; he did not take it from me." "Why, no my dear, I don't perceive that you have lost any!" was the affectionate reply of the spose.

☞ "You measure me by the *rod*," said a school boy to his master. "Yes, and by the *foot*, too," was the reply, accompanied by a movement that raised him at least an inch.

☞ In the Church-yard at Charlestown, Mass. is the following:

Here lies Deacon John Aricular,
Who in God's ways walked perpendicular.

☞ Some wag says that the only borrowed article he returned promptly, was a kiss from a pretty girls lips. Of course he returned it on *the spot.*

☞ Says Digby to Quilp—"When is a lady's hand as good to eat as hot cakes?" "When it's a *muff-in*, of course," says Quilp.—*Post.*

☞ Him and Sam, as the boy said ven they asked him who made so much noise in meetin'.

☞ Married, at *Barn-stable*, by the Rev. John *Gates*, Mr. John *Post*, to Miss Sophia *Rails.*

☞ When your coat wants mending, tie up the hole, or stop it up with a cork.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected;—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, as the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE, ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of this duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil ones, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons, but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so abused as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere panders for crime. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It will be particular on proper themes, brief on others of which unpleasant truth requires the record, and comprehensive on all—performing the partisan work of

NO SECT OF RELIGION,—NO PARTY IN POLITICS.

But striving to render equal and exact justice to all men. During the coming contest, the

ELECTION RETURNS

will be published full and minute, with every pains to be correct, and certainly with as much claim to be trusted as any party paper. Our central position gives us in this respect advantages which no other point in the country possesses to so great an extent as is enjoyed by the

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

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THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE,

and in some points, better than the best of the Monthlies. In READING MATTER, more than twice as much is given, for less money; The POSTAGE is a great deal less—the issue is more than four times as frequent as the monthlies; the literary matter embraces articles from all living writers, American and Foreign; and extracts also from the literary legacies of the great dead, as well as from current literature. In a word, the Post is a

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those in pamphlet, magazine form NOT EXCEPTED. Another feature which the publishers think they have superior facilities for producing, will be

ORIGINAL DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

Illustrative of the virtues of real life, and offering a healthy contrast to the

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READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr JAYNE, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by JOHN KNOX, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 20, 1843.

Mr. A. JAYNES:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short: it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents,) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her EXPECTORATE, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to dress her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked, her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's EXPECTORANT and VERMIFUGE. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "It I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her sit over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a teaspoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and then like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her EXPECTORATE.

You may do what you think proper with this statement, as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect, JOHN KNOX, PRINTER, Pittsburg. June 17-1y

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

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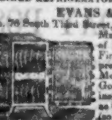

Manufacture a large assortment of David Evans' Patent Air-tight Fire and Thief Proof Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Mortgages, Silver Plate, Jewelry, Gold, Silver, &c. &c., made in all instances without wood or plank, as 95 out of 100 Fire Proof Chests (so called) now in use, and made for sale, are mere Plank Boxes, covered with thin sheet iron, with common locks, at once shows the utility of having an articles that may be depended on.

A Letter from Dr. Thos. P. Jones, of Washington, editor of the Franklin Journal, concerning Air-tight Chests.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1844.

David Evans—Sir: In answer to your inquiry, I have to say that if your Safes and Chests are air-tight, the air itself being one of the best non-conductors of heat, is superior to any filling you can use. The only advantage derived from Asbestos or other non-combustible materials, is to prevent the crushing in of the sides of the chest, when highly heated; but for protecting the interior, they are not equal to air. Yours, respectfully, THOS. P. JONES.

All our Chests are made of Boiler Iron, with iron frames riveted through and through so strongly, that the falling in of no building can possibly mash the sides in; and the space between being hollow and air-tight, gives them advantages over all Chests filled in between, as they will keep the contents inside in a perfect dry state when in use, as no dampness can strike through the air-tight chambers, and will last ten times as long and keep in good order. D. Evans' Patent Refrigerators, lined with Slate, being inspected and tried by judges, are pronounced the best and sweetest for Provisions, such as Butter, Meats, Milk, &c., now in use, of which a general assortment is always kept on hand, either with or without Water Filters attached.

Water and Provision Coolers, Seal and Copying Presses, also David Evans' celebrated Hoisting Machine. Together with plain and ornamental Iron Railing; Fire Proof Doors, [David Evans' Patent Locks thereto,] for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B.—A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again. aug 31-1y

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c. GEORGE W. EATON. Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is on all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 10, 1843.

Dear Sir, You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and I had the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present, where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm, I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.
Dr. D. JAYNE, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Life Preservative. June 17-1y

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, THE GREAT PANACEA FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND BREAST.

Of all the medicines of the day, and there are a great variety which profess to be of great value to the human family, we hesitate not to pronounce *Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* as one of the greatest discoveries of modern science, of all the many compounds put forth for the cure of diseases which afflict human nature, not one remedy can be named, which has in as short a space of time, acquired such unbounded confidence with the public, and has performed such miraculous cures, and which has merited and received so much eulogism from the faculty and others, as this justly celebrated remedy. DAILY we learn from sources of respectability, that cures have been affected in

Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Side and Breast, Rising or Tickling in the Throat, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Debility, Broken Constitution, from the abuse of calomel and other causes, and

☞CONSUMPTION,☜

which has baffled the skill of eminent medical practitioners, when invalids were given up as hopeless, by having recourse to, and persevering in that powerful remedy have been radically cured. There is now in the hands of the proprietor numerous certificates of cures which would astonish credulity itself were they made known to the world. To those who are afflicted with the above diseases we say give this medicine a fair trial, you will then be convinced this is no *miserable compound*, but a safe and powerful remedy, and that its curative powers stand *alone* and *equalled* by none.

CAUTION.—From the great popularity of this medicine, persons have been induced to offer a spurious article with name of WILD CHERRY attached. Therefore be cautious to ask for the original and *only genuine* preparation from this valuable tree.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, Principal office N. W. corner of 8th and Race sts., Philadelphia.

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JAYNE'S LIFE PRESERVATIVE.

AN ALTERATIVE and DEPURATIVE PREPARATION, combining all the medicinal virtues of those articles, which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and Deobstruent properties, for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, Scrofulous, Cancerous and Indolent TUMORS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCURVY, NEURALGIA, or Tic-Doloureux, CANCER, GOITRE, or Bronchocele, (Swelled Neck,) ENLARGEMENTS of the Bones, Joints or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c., &c. All the various DISEASES of the SKIN, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Biles, Pimples, Carbuncles, &c., &c. Dropsical Swellings, Constitutional Disorders, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPURE state of the BLOOD or other fluids of the body.

The proprietor of the Life Preservative would most respectfully assure the public that he has not offered this preparation to their notice, without due reflection and close and rigid study, nor until after twelve years' experience had manifested its great superiority over every other article of the kind, and he now recommends it with confidence, fully believing that the above combination of medicine, will effectually eradicate from the system a class of diseases, some of which have heretofore been considered incurable.

He has prescribed it in almost every variety of disease and with unparalleled success, especially in Cutaneous affections, Cancerous, Scrofulous and Syphilitic diseases, and diseases originating from obstruction or enlargement of the Glands or impurity of the Blood.

CANCER and CANCEROUS TUMORS.—He has used this preparation in twenty-one well defined cases of Cancer and Cancerous Tumors, and in every case but one with perfect and entire success.

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE, (Swelled Neck.)—He has prescribed the Life Preservative in upwards of sixty cases of Goitre and it never failed in a single instance to completely remove the disease. Not a solitary case of failure. ALL WERE CURED.

The success he has met with in curing Bronchocele and Cancerous affections has convinced him, that those dangerous and horrible diseases may be removed with as much certainty as Fever and Ague. He does not wish to be understood as saying that they can be cured as soon as Fever and Ague, but with as much certainty, and further that he has good reason for believing that this preparation will not only cure those diseases when formed, but that it destroys the virus or poisonous principle lurking in the system from which that peculiar class of diseases as well also as that of Scrofula emanate.

SCROFULA—KING'S EVIL.—The Life Preservative has been used in numerous cases of Scrofula, King's Evil and Scrofulous Swellings, with the most decided success.

SKIN DISEASES.—He has prescribed it in a great variety of Cutaneous affections and found it successful in curing Salt-Rheum, or Tetter, Biles, Blotches, Pimples, Morphew, and Jaundiced Skin, &c.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—It has been used in numerous cases of Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and with the happiest effect.

TIC DOLOUREAUX.—It has been used in only three cases of Neuralgia or Tic-Doloureaux, but was successful in every case.

GOUT.—Three cases of Gout have been cured by this preparation. In one of these cases the man had been afflicted with it so severely for thirteen years as to entirely disable him from business, and for five months immediately previous to his taking the Life Preservative had been confined to his room, but before he had finished the third bottle, he was enabled to walk about the streets, and soon after returned to business, from which he had been so long deprived by his afflictions.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the powers of digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which watery or Calcareous depositions, and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains and nervous affections.

In fact in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1—where also may be had all of Dr. Jayne's valuable Family Medicines.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

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